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Events of the Week.

THE Opposition seems determined to take a leaf from the book of the suffragettes, and to estrange in turn each element in public opinion which might be enlisted in its support. The last attack has been on the House of Commons, and through it, on the Speaker. The genesis of Thursday night's scene was as follows. Mr. Asquith had announced that the Amending Bill would be introduced in the Lords, and that there would be no present statement as to its contents. Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Law protested that it was unfair and "farcical" to ask the House to pass the Home Rule Bill with no knowledge of the way in which the Government intended to modify it, and Mr. Law led up to the violence which followed by pointedly suggesting that further debate was useless. On this hint, whether directly intended or no, the Opposition acted. Mr. Campbell, a Front Bench man, was to open the debate on the third reading, but stood at the box without an effort to speak, while members of the Opposition, and at last nearly the whole Party, joined in a continuous shout of "Adjourn!"

* * *

THE Speaker at last intervened with a question to Mr. Law, which was, perhaps, difficult to answer, though it seems to us to have been thoroughly deserved. A speaker who obviously did not want to speak was being

diverted from speech by the action of his own friends. Such a situation reduced the Speaker's office to nullity. He was, therefore, driven to ask whether this conduct had the consent and approval of Mr. Law. The embarrassed leader retorted with a passionate refusal to reply, and was at once made the object of a great anti-Speaker ovation. The latter, after expressing his "disappointment" at Mr. Law's refusal of help (the Speaker always relies on the leaders of parties to keep their followers within bounds), adjourned the House, as being in a state of grave disorder. It returns to the debate on the third reading of the Bill on Monday, when it is thought that the Opposition will renew the tactics of withholding the power of debate, partly as a protest against the Government's refusal to disclose the final form of Home Rule, and partly, we are afraid, in order to screw up Ulster to the pitch of a final violation of the law. So far as we can gather, the device of stopping debate was concocted in the lobbies during the division on the motion for adjournment. While it is denied and asserted that Mr. Law was a party to it, he obviously endorsed it, when it took shape on the floor of the House.

* * *

MEANWHILE, the Opposition in the country has taken a fresh "list" to the side of the Die-Hards. The "Times," following the "Observer," which hints that there are other things than Home Rule for the Unionist Party to look after, has declared that the opposition to the Home Rule Bill is no longer "practical politics." But it has followed this cryptic sentence by a declaration that the time limit must be abandoned, and the exclusion of the four counties give place to the shutting out of the whole province. To this the "Morning Post" adds its advice to the Unionist peers to throw out the Amending Bill, and force an election. Finally, Sir Edward Carson, speaking at Queen's Hall on Tuesday, renewed his description of Mr. Asquith's offer as a "hypocritical sham," declared that they were "not out for settlement," and if they were driven to civil war, they would "take the consequences like men." "Take the consequences" seems to mean to join hands with its old friend, "damn the consequences," and to be likely to come to the same end.

* * *

NATURALLY, this reckless and insincere speaking takes all the way off a settlement. If the calculation behind it is that the Coalition fears to face the Ulster rebellion, it is a gravely mistaken one. We do not believe that there will be a score of secessions from Liberalism if the Government stand up to the gun-runners and the paper secessionists of Belfast. We are quite sure, on the other hand, that the party would be broken to pieces either if they went to the country without carrying the Home Rule Bill, or quailed before this Bardolph and Pistol talk. The Ulstermen and the Tories know perfectly well that they can have all that they reasonably want in order to save the great mass of Protestant Ulster from coming under the Home Rule Bill as long as it deliberately decides to stand out. But if their real aim is to smash Home Rule, they are not going to get it, either by way of a Liberal-Nationalist split, or the permanent de-

nationalization of Ulster, or an election before the passage of the Home Rule Bill.

* * *

NORTH-EAST Derbyshire has been lost to the Coalition by 314 votes—Major Bowden polling 6,469 votes, Mr. Houfton, the Liberal, 6,155, and Mr. Martin, the Labor candidate, 3,669. The Liberal papers properly point out that there is a majority vote of 3,355 for Home Rule, which, under our monstrous system, is thrown away. A further and a recurring moral is that the Unionist strength is a stagnant element in many of the constituencies, and that the real fight is coming to be more and more a contest between Liberalism and Labor. The moment these forces pool their assets for a common end, they are invincible. It is difficult to judge the Derbyshire quarrel, for Mr. Harvey, the dead member, like other miners' representatives, hovered between Liberalism and Labor. The result shows that of the two forces, Liberalism has the stronger hold on the constituency. The difficulty is that while statesmen at the centre of both parties could frame an accommodation for a special and large public end, local feeling so often insists on a fight. The Chancellor of the Exchequer wrote a letter deploring the "sectarianism," which forbade a Labor man to appear on a Liberal platform. The sectarian spirit is, of course, a power in our life, but its efficacy depends on real, not paper or machine issues.

* * *

ALBANIA has survived her first *coup d'état*. On Tuesday, Essad Pasha Toptani, the defender of Scutari and sometime claimant to the Albanian throne, who dominated the Cabinet by combining in his person the Ministries of War and the Interior, was arrested at his palace in Durazzo, and placed on board an Austrian warship as a prisoner. The events which led up to this climax are still obscure. Essad had done his best to eclipse the rather insignificant Prince Wilhelm. Latterly he seems to have promoted a curious reactionary movement, pro-Moslem and pro-Turkish, among his clansmen round Tirana. Bands of these peasants were actually marching on Durazzo, calling for the abolition of conscription and the official use of the Turkish language, which is nowhere spoken in Albania. His bodyguard resisted his arrest, and its opposition was overcome by the landing of 200 Austrian and Italian bluejackets. Essad, after signing a declaration that he will not return to Albania without the Prince's permission, has been allowed to go into exile in Italy.

* * *

THE deportation of this ambitious and corrupt savage is the best happening yet reported from Albania, and it has been adroitly managed in a way which may prevent an attempt at revenge. Meanwhile, the conference of the Albanian and Epirote representatives at Corfu with the European Commission has ended in a fortunate settlement, and the rebellion of the Greek party in the South is at end. The terms are equitable. The revolted districts come unreservedly into Albania, and though it is stipulated that they shall have Christian Governors, they will not receive territorial autonomy. The autonomy conceded is for the management of their churches, schools, and communal institutions, which will retain the self-government that they always enjoyed under the Turks. The interests of Albanian unity are secured by a provision that the Albanian language (which is everywhere the mother-tongue) shall be taught in the Greek schools. Terms so just and reasonable might surely have been obtained without an insurrection.

* * *

On Tuesday the Welsh Disestablishment Bill passed the House of Commons for good and for all by a majority

of seventy-seven votes (328 to 251), after one of the feeblest criticisms we ever remember applied to a religious, or, let us say, a semi-religious issue. The case was finally given away by Mr. F. E. Smith, who admitted his personal sympathy with Disestablishment, and hinted that the Government might have had their Bill if they had only divorced it from Disendowment. But what right has the State to let a non-national institution carry away clearly national funds on its back, on the ground that it is the true and legal heir of the Roman Church in Wales? By equity and in fair consideration the line of disendowment should be lightly drawn. The Government has made a very fair choice of the three Commissioners who are to deal with the immediate question of Church reorganization, and to dispense the Church's funds to their final beneficiaries. They are Sir Henry Primrose, Sir William Plender, and Sir Herbert Roberts. A more competent or more moderate-minded trio could hardly be found.

* * *

AN event of real importance in the Churches is the decision of Mr. E. W. Lewis, who was Mr. Guinness Rogers's successor at Clapham, to resign his pastorate of the King's Weigh House Church, on the ground that he can no longer reconcile his desire to be a "man of God" with his position as a "comfortably conditioned official" of "organized religion." Mr. Lewis writes his letter from Assisi, the home of the greatest of medieval Christians and of the re-birth of Christianity as a gospel of poverty and simplicity of living. In future Mr. Lewis declares that he will resort to wayside preaching. His formal secession from Congregationalism deprives it of its most gifted "intellectual," and is one of many signs of a new spirit of freedom sweeping powerfully through the world.

* * *

NOR is this spirit confined to the Churches. It was exhibited, this week, in two notable events in the House of Commons. On Tuesday, Mr. Locker Lampson brought in a Bill to put a stop to the traffic in recommendations to honors and titles. His speech was, unfortunately, too partisan in tone, and was mainly a satire on Liberal dealings in this pernicious trade, which, of course, is common to Liberal and Conservative Governments. But it contained some shrewd hits. If aristocracy was in principle bad, what, asked Mr. Lampson, could be worse than an aristocracy of wealth? Wealth should be its own reward; it should not be able to buy its way into an association with the most honored men in the State. He said ironically that when a man got £30,000 a year, and wanted a title, he always put it that he did not himself care to be a "lord," but that his wife wanted to be a "lady." The House gave a rather significant vote on a derisive motion of Mr. Hogge's not to entertain the Bill. It decided for introduction by 207 votes to 42.

* * *

WEDNESDAY saw a second outpouring of "modernism" in politics—the demand for a spiritual purge of the State—in the shape of Mr. Ponsonby's Bill for the abolition of hereditary titles. Mr. Ponsonby's Bill is mainly voluntary. It proposes not to end hereditary titles at once, but to enable their owners or heirs to throw off the uneasy load, as Christian threw off his. It empowers holders of titles—including baronets—to disclaim them by deed-poll, and extinguishes them altogether for heirs or heiresses. Thus the light of nobility would not disappear in a flash; it would go on lightening our darkness for a while, and then melt into the surrounding azure (or grey). Mr. Ponsonby undoubtedly speaks for a minority of able peers (like Lord Curzon and Lord Midleton), who cursed the day when

they were driven from the Commons to the Lords, and would like to resume their lost heritage among the crowd.

* * *

THE repulse of the Women's Deputation to Buckingham Palace on Thursday afternoon seems to have been conducted with needless roughness. The deputation was, after all, as lawful in its intent—which was to petition the King under the Bill of Rights—as the proceedings of the Opposition a mile away were lawless. Women have no votes; while the Tory Party has many, and the House of Commons is the seat and centre of our voting system. We should therefore have thought that the minimum of force should have been used to repress a demonstration of this kind. Yet we read in the papers that many women were bludgeoned, flung down, and thrown about the roads. If this is true, it is very shocking. The deputation to the King is about the most lawful thing which has been lately done by the W.S.P.U. And it has been the most harshly treated.

* * *

THE Speaker refused the closure on Friday week to the Home Rule Bill introduced by the Scottish Liberal members, and at no point did the debate reach a high level. It ran on strict party lines, and the Unionist supporters of Federalism were silent. The Bill delegates to a Scottish Parliament and a Scottish Ministry the affairs managed at present by Scottish officials and provided for in the Scottish Estimates, with the addition of Old Age Pensions, Insurance, and the Labor Exchanges. The Customs and the Post Office are left to the Imperial Parliament. Of passion there was no sign in the speeches of Scottish Liberal members, and hardly even of sentiment; they argued their case on the present neglect of Scottish affairs, the mismanagement of education, the frustration of Scottish wishes in land legislation, and the general delay and inconvenience of the existing system. The Unionist opponents of the Bill all admitted the case for some rearrangement, but clearly they could not accept Home Rule for Scotland while refusing it to Ireland.

* * *

THE one note of passion in the debate was due to the clause in the Bill which enfranchises women. This was inserted after a vote taken at a meeting of the Scottish Liberal members, but the minority is evidently not prepared to bow to this decision. Mr. Young, who seconded the Bill, in effect delivered a speech against it, and even reserved his action on third reading. Mr. Balfour, while opposing the Bill, specially welcomed this provision, though the franchise which it concedes is on a democratic basis, and so (speaking for himself) did Mr. McKinnon Wood. We do not follow the arguments of those who contend that woman suffrage is alien from the purpose of the Bill. In setting up a new constitution nothing is more vital than to ensure that its representative system shall rest on an electorate based on justice and democracy. If innovation were in itself undesirable in such a constitution, why did the Scottish Members decide upon a single Chamber? But the innovation is so little startling that Mrs. Humphry Ward continues to support it, though she invites suffragists, absurdly enough, in return for her support, to abandon their claim to the Imperial vote.

* * *

THE importance of the proposal of the Land Inquiry Committee to give every cottager the right to six months' notice has been illustrated this last week in the Lilford campaign. The laborers who have been dismissed from their employment for joining the Union have been given a fortnight's notice to quit their cottages. The Union contested the legality of this notice, contending that the cottagers were entitled to a month's notice, but the case

has been decided against them, Judge Wheeler laying it down in the Oundle County Court that by invariable practice in the agricultural industry the cottage went with the labor. The fatal disadvantage at which agricultural laborers conduct their bargaining in these circumstances is obvious. Under the new proposals these men would not be liable to lose their house on their first difference with their employers. The conduct of Lord Lilford and some of his neighbors is still bringing in new recruits to the Union, but there is no change in the situation.

* * *

THE optimism of President Wilson in regard to Mexico seems at last on the eve of justification. General Huerta, in spite of die-hard declarations, is really considering resignation on terms. What the terms are is not exactly known, but they seem to be a matter of money. It is said that he stipulates for American aid in raising a big Mexican loan, and no one quite understands by what juggling he will benefit by a loan which will only be granted after his retirement. However this may be, it is apparently a fact that his plenipotentiary at the mediation conference is actually empowered to offer his withdrawal on certain terms. He presumably will want to be represented in the new administration, while the rebels will insist on controlling it absolutely. It remains to be seen, whether the diplomacy of Argentina, Brazil, and Chili can find a middle term, but the Conference after all has met, and with better prospects than seemed at first to be possible.

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THE perilous project of a Trans-Persian railway to the Indian frontier is still very much alive, and it seems to have acquired, by lapse of time and public inattention, the support which our Government was at first chary of giving. Sir Edward Grey's answers to Mr. Morrell's questions on Tuesday were far from explicit, but he stated that the Government is prepared to agree to the extension of the projected Northern railway to the South of Persia, and to its construction there by a syndicate which will be, not British, but international. He justified this decision on the ground that our trade would suffer if Russia built railways from the North, while we built none from the South. The real bearing of this argument is, however, to justify the construction of one or more railways from the Gulf ports into the interior. These would certainly benefit our trade, and strategically they would not be dangerous. A Trans-Persian line across the desert to India is a wholly different project, for which Sir Edward Grey's argument gives no justification.

* * *

THE new science of tropical medicine advances so rapidly that it can well afford to admit ignorance with candor. The study of the causation of sleeping sickness is only beginning; that, in a sentence, is the conclusion of the Inter-Departmental Committee. Luckily, it has deduced from this ignorance the conclusion that we ought to reject the appalling proposal to exterminate wild animals wholesale in the hope of destroying the "reservoirs" of this disease. There are, it seems, two varieties of this plague, that prevalent in Uganda, which is epidemic but may be curable, and that of Rhodesia, which is comparatively rare but more deadly when it does occur. Both are apparently carried by the tsetse fly, though by different species of it. As to the part played by wild animals, the verdict is "not guilty" as regards the Uganda variety, and "not proven" in Rhodesia. What does seem to be established, however, is that any clearance of the jungle diminishes the prevalence of the disease.

Politics and Affairs.

THE ATTACK ON THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

(BY A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.)

THE turn of the House of Commons has now come to be the victim of the Unionist policy of violence. Already the law has been openly defied, the army seduced, and covert attempts have been made against the Crown itself. But now, after three sessions of debate, as the time approaches for the Home Rule Bill to pass into law under the Parliament Act, the leaders of the constitutional party have decided to vent their passion, or to prepare for the explosion of worse passion in Ulster, by a premeditated attack, not on the Government or the Liberal Party, but on the House of Commons itself. The method they have chosen is to insult the Speaker, the chosen representative and real head of our Parliamentary system, himself a Conservative, held in universal respect.

The scene in the House on Thursday must remain deeply stamped on the memory of everyone who witnessed it as an unseemly and disgraceful episode. A motion for the adjournment of the debate was moved, because the Prime Minister could not disclose to the House the provisions of the Amending Bill, which he stated would be introduced in the House of Lords at a later period. His reason for this procedure was clear. He did not desire to close the door on the possibility of an agreement between parties. Once the Home Rule Bill, which the Opposition declined to amend, had been passed and out of the way, it was not impossible that an Amending Bill might embody concessions considerable enough to appease Ulster. It is true that, judging by the attitude the Opposition had all along taken up, the prospects were not favorable. But it was his undoubted wish, not to initiate, but to avoid, a stubborn or uncompromising attitude. The Opposition claimed that debate was useless while the provisions of the Amending Bill remained unknown to them. Lord Robert Cecil argued with force, and others supported him, Mr. Amery using language worthy of Mr. Kipling himself. But the House was in a genial mood, passing as is its wont from invective to jest. The division was taken after an hour or so's debate, and the adjournment motion was defeated by the large majority of 110.

The House filled again for the Third Reading debate. Mr. Campbell rose on the Front Opposition Bench, and stood at the box without attempting to speak, while the whole party behind him cried, without ceasing, "Adjourn, adjourn." The Speaker watched them for some minutes, anxious not to intervene too soon. He rose at last amid silence, and asked whether, seeing that the Opposition were shouting down their own spokesman, the disorder had the consent and approval of the Leader of the Opposition. Amidst a shout of resentment, Mr. Bonar Law rose, trembling with anger. "I will not presume, Mr. Speaker," he said, "to criticize what you consider to be your duty, but I know mine: it is not to answer any such question." The uproar by which the Opposition signified their approval of this retort lasted for a considerable time,

while the Speaker waited to be heard. When it subsided, he said: "I have asked the right hon. gentleman to assist me in maintaining order. I have been disappointed, and there is nothing open to me except to suspend the sitting, which I do until to-morrow." The House broke up in angry tumult, several members of the Tory Party taking the opportunity as they passed of leaning across the table and shouting insulting remarks at the Prime Minister. The Liberals acted as a passive audience to the scene till the Prime Minister himself left the House, when they rose and gave him a great ovation.

The Speaker's question was, in my view, perfectly correct. The Opposition were not shouting down a member of the Government. With obvious pre-arrangement and with at least the connivance of their leaders, they had decided to make debate impossible by continuous noise, while one of their chief spokesmen stood without attempting to speak. Many members of the Tory Party, when the atmosphere had become cooler, expressed grave doubts as to the wisdom of these tactics. Will the country be impressed? Will the Government be weakened? Will the cause of Ulster be served? Will Home Rule be prevented? A policy of violence for violence sake must fail in the long run. It spells ruin to the party which adopts it; it stamps with a stigma of disgrace the leader who initiates or shelters it.

There are two governing facts in the situation. The Unionist Party must make up its mind that a Liberal Government is at last capable of passing an important measure into law. They must also be shown that order can be maintained throughout the country, and that laws once passed will be enforced. The Government is not defenceless, for it has the forces of the Crown, the prestige of the Executive, and the support of great parties behind it. But the Speaker, the guardian of the honor of the House of Commons, is defenceless and alone. Is he, therefore, a fit object of attack?

THE PARTY AND THE MACHINE.

SEVERAL recent events have served to illustrate the growing weaknesses of party organization. The fact that the traffic in "honors," instead of arousing the indignation of all decent-minded politicians, has settled down into a stock Parliamentary joke, is itself full of significance. Everybody is aware that there is substance in the charges, and that the methods of the trade merely attest its real degradation. Yet the party managers can always brush aside or ignore the accusations. Mr. Locker Lampson makes a witty party speech upon the subject, Mr. Hogge an equally spirited retort. No Whip or Front Bencher on either side feels called upon to intervene. Yet the secret party funds, so long as they are recruited by such methods, are the enemy of that representative Government which we boast ourselves to possess. For these financial resources of the machine defeat at every turn the free play of the popular will. They enable the party engineers to impose candidates upon constituencies by bargains with the local machine, and to secure for their chosen candidates the coveted election. From the time when Mr. Joseph Chamberlain

first applied the "caucus," the finance of the local and the central organizations has operated steadily to weaken the independence of electors, candidates, and members, and to make them the almost passive agents of policies and tactics imposed upon Parliament by Ministers and managers. The acquiescence of the electorate and the ordinary Member of Parliament in this state of things is often taken as a sufficient testimony to its soundness. After all, it will be pleaded, common-sense recognizes that no political system can really be run on the principle of *quot homines, tot sententiæ*. Association is essential, and this can only be made effective by organization and discipline. Men who are in substantial agreement upon matters of vital and predominant importance must sink their minor differences and utilize for political achievement their greatest common measure of agreement.

This is, of course, the true and accepted defence of party. Its general validity is obvious. But it rests on two assumptions; first, that party divisions do accurately reflect clear and fundamental differences of outlook and policy; secondly, that the agreement upon party policy issues from free consultation among the members. Now, there are occasions when a single issue of deep-reaching character has been so paramount in its appeal that the electorate and its representatives have naturally and freely grouped themselves into two parties. Some grave national crisis, such as war, produces this result. Or a proposal, like that of the return to Protection in this country, may restore the electorate to a simple cleavage on a single issue, as in the election of 1906. But the normal tendency of politics in a modern democratic State is steadily against this simplicity of issues, while the growing political education of the people evolves an increasing variety in the type of politician. In our country at the present time, there are many distinguishable political types of thought and sentiment, each numerous enough represented to form the basis of a separate party, if party ran on true lines of intellectual and moral cleavage. Most thoughtful electors are obliged constantly to content themselves with a kind of half-representation, and to take the alternatives of voting for a Liberal or a Tory, or perhaps a Labor man, none of whom may accurately represent them. The Socialist, the Suffragist, the Single-taxer, the Pacifist, are but a few obvious instances of groups who must often fail to get representation in the existing party system. Nor is it merely that the present two or three parties only reflect the main divisions of public opinion and sentiment. They do not always reflect these main divisions. Both Liberals and Conservatives are sharply divided among themselves on really first-class issues, such as federalism, the constitution of a Second Chamber, foreign policy, taxation, industrial legislation, land reforms, armaments, the relations of capital and labor. Neither Liberalism nor Toryism, as represented in the country or the House, contains a common body of principles or sentiments, or a declared policy on all or any of these matters. If, for example, we regard the set of issues related to the "condition of the working classes" as the central task of modern politics, how can we defend the present three-party division as true to life? A sufficient commentary on the

absurdity of such a supposition is afforded by the case of North-East Derbyshire, where a working-class constituency, overwhelmingly Free Trade, Home Rule, and social-reforming, places in the House of Commons a man who will misrepresent it upon each of these issues. This is simply due to the bad working of two machines. If the Labor men had voted on conviction for a policy and programme clearly divergent from those of Liberalism, the result might still have been deplorable. But it would have been intelligible. No such thing. The workers who supported the Liberal differed from those who supported the Labor man in no other respect except in allegiance to the machine. And the two machines stood, so far as the present Parliament is concerned, for no difference whatever in political action.

Inside the House, the strict mechanical control of party becomes more and more intolerable to men of finer temper and intelligence. To be deprived of all effective initiative or even criticism on really critical occasions, to have no real voice in determining the course of legislation or administration, not even to be entitled to receive information upon crucial events in foreign policy, to be reduced to smothered private meetings for expostulations which are powerless to deflect the will of the Cabinet, such is the fate of the ordinary member, whichever party is in power. Men of intellect and independence are more and more refusing such a rôle. This subservience to a party machine is largely responsible for the loss of confidence in democracy. The over-power of organization, with its rules of formal orthodoxy, is not, of course, confined to politics. In every profession it is an instrument of deterioration, stifling the finer qualities of individual judgment and aspiration. The medical and legal professions suffer incalculable evil from its formation; the churches groan in their institutional slumber. Occasionally, a courageous spirit, like Mr. Lewis, of the King's Weigh House, breaks away, and strikes out for a life of spiritual liberty. Even in politics occasionally there rides into the field a free-lance crusader armed with the strong sword of his convictions. But he can seldom survive. For man is no more born to work alone than to live alone. Not to dispense with association, but to adjust it to the changing needs of the times, this is perhaps the most urgent of all needs, at any rate for Liberals, whether in politics, religion, literature, or any other art of life. The real condemnation of the fixed party system is that it is false to fundamental facts. Association by more or less mobile groups, shifting their co-operation with the set of issues, must come to displace the existing party organizations. Electoral and Parliamentary arrangements must adjust themselves to these elementary demands of honesty and human intelligence, unless we are prepared to see our State still further harden into a soulless mechanism, operated by experts, and grinding out laws, expressing at the best, the ingenuity of official experts, at the worst the demands of interested paymasters.

THE MAKING OF ALBANIA.

If the Imperialist leader-writer who is always sure that no "natives" can govern themselves, could suddenly be flung back in a reversible Time-Machine to the England

of Lancaster and York, his musings would be worth listening to. How loudly would he denounce the incapacity of those feudal savages to form any conception of an ordered natural state! How triumphantly would he demonstrate (much as though he were writing about Mexicans) that the White Rose was really as blood-stained as the Red! With what eloquence would he describe the horrors of the Tower and the butcheries of Barnet! And with what stupefaction would he learn that this nation of infatuated cut-throats was his own! On a rough average we should incline to say that the culture of Albania to-day and its political evolution has just about reached the level of the England of the Wars of the Roses. The remoter North is a good deal more primitive; the relatively civilized South is much more advanced. The centre strikes a precarious average. The main differences in its condition are, first, that it is doomed to pass through its phase of blood-madness with the rifle instead of the lance as its weapon; and, secondly, that it has suddenly been presented with a German King who keeps modern warships within hail of his palace. Apart from these material differences, the little drama in which Prince Wilhelm and Essad Pasha have been engaged might have been played with an Edward or a Warwick in the chief parts. Imagine a correct, unimaginative, well-drilled Prussian officer, suddenly called upon to deal with the great feudal princes of our own pre-Tudor time, and you have a not inexact picture of what has been happening in Durazzo. A Richard or an Edward would have stabbed Essad in the throat with his own hand, or done him to death in the Tower. It is a lucky modern variant of the old-established usage, which has allowed the King-maker to be quietly imprisoned on board an Austrian ship.

The sinister figure that Essad Toptani is, is not indeed a purely Albanian growth. He is the Albanian noble with a nasty Hamidian veneer. Conceive a totally uneducated feudal magnate, bred up in the atmosphere of the blood-feud, armed with the prestige and patriarchal power that belong to the hereditary chief of a big clan, and having for morality the traditions of armed blackmail and predatory warfare. Take him away from all that mitigates these brutalities among simple Albanians—the ideal of honor, the notion of loyalty, and the chivalrous respect for women—and subject him to the semi-Oriental, semi-Levantine influences of Abdul Hamid's court, and you will form some notion of the brutality, the perfidy, and the corruption of this disastrous personage. By turns a Hamidian courtier, a Young Turkish tool, and an Albanian patriot, the capable defender and the treacherous seller of Scutari, a man who had wallowed in murders and debaucheries, and mixed the dream of being Prince of Albania with the sale of Albania's chief town to its ancient enemy, Essad is, with all his primitive vigor and aristocratic birth, an essentially low type. With him it was at first Prince Wilhelm's policy to be on good terms. He became the only power about the throne, and was in a fair way to overshadow it. His predominance had eclipsed the influence of Ismail Kemal Pasha—the incomparably more civilized and liberal personage who founded the provisional government. It had alienated the great Catholic

chief, Bib Prenk Doda, the head of the Mirdite clan. It stood, in so far as it stood for an idea at all, for feudal rule, for Moslem predominance, and for all the undefinable savageries which the Turks, for their own purposes, had tolerated and even encouraged. One may feel sure that when the half-civilized, half-Hellenized Orthodox Albanians of Epirus hesitated to fling in their lot with the new State, their reluctance was increased tenfold when they saw it personified by this blood-stained Moslem reactionary.

The first task of the new Prince will be to deal with his feudal nobility as Henry VII. and Louis XI. dealt with theirs. We doubt whether he is a man of much initiative or marked personality, but in some familiar situations there is an obvious course which any Prince must follow who means to survive. The great feudal chiefs must obviously be broken, and that not merely because they have an exaggerated notion of their own importance, but even more because they stand for the impossible past. If the chief of the Catholic Mirdites, who has been as sadly corrupted by misfortune under Abdul Hamid as Essad Toptani was by favor, were to succeed to his influence, we should augur little good from the change. There is no lack of character and intelligence in this foundling kingdom. There are Albanians who compare well in culture and disinterestedness with the men who founded the new Bulgaria. But they are not feudal nobles, and they were neither courtiers nor prisoners at Yildiz. Most of them were exiles or emigrants who learned what civilization means in the United States or in Egypt. They are chiefly professional men, and they owed their first schooling to one of the missionary colleges, Catholic or Protestant. If this element can recover, under the new Prince, the leadership which it held under the Provisional Government that preceded him, it may be possible to hope for unity and progress. They are of all creeds, Moslems and Orthodox as well as Catholics; but they have a faith in the national idea which over-ruled their religious differences. With them the naturally democratic Christian South, with its mercantile ambitions, its Hellenized enterprise, and its urban middle-class, will be at home, and may make common cause. Its natural enemy is neither Albanian nationalism nor Mohammedanism, but the brutal, grasping, reactionary tradition of the feudal nobility. The new Prince may make what pretensions he pleases for himself. An old-world touch of picturesque royalism would not be resented in Albania; the Hohenzollern model would not be a bad one to follow. But however he may exalt his own function, the new Prince must at all costs be democratic. He must stand for the people, for the peasants, and for the struggling towns against the devastating egoism of the feudal magnates. He risks a blood-feud and assassination in the process. But that is the common lot of Balkan princes, and it is his luck to possess a capital off which the warships can anchor.

The news of Essad Pasha's fall is good, but it does not come alone. The Albanian Ulster has come to terms, and the feud of the relatively civilized South against the less advanced Centre and North has been happily ended by the mediation of the European Commission. It is a result for which M. Venizelos is chiefly to be thanked.

Had he played Mr. Bonar Law to the Sir Edward Carson of M. Zographos, there could have been no settlement without a prolonged civil war or the armed intervention of the protective Powers. The terms of settlement accord with common sense. The Orthodox Albanians of the south, who are proud of their Greek culture, will retain their own schools, and will enjoy in their churches and in the communal organizations which centre in the Church a self-government not less than they possessed under the Turks. There are no doubt the elements of trouble here. Their bishops will be an Ultramontane influence, maintaining a Greek policy in an Albanian State. But one great point has been gained for unity. The Albanian language, which all these would-be Greeks speak in their own homes, will henceforth be taught as a second language in the schools from which it has hitherto been barred. Hopelessly divided by religion, the Albanians have nothing but their language and the traditions which it enshrines to typify their racial unity. If they have, as we believe they have, the undeveloped talents which may make a nation, there is here all that is needed to form a basis of unity. The Hellenized Epirotes, by their superior civilization, are destined to be the leaders, the teachers, the politicians of the new State. The obstacle to their influence has been that they were hitherto wilfully foreigners, looking to Greece for their future, and reluctant to bring the gift of their intelligence to the service of Albania. They have accepted the decision of Europe which unites their destinies to hers; the common language must do the rest. It will be an eventful evolution. It will develop many a confused conflict of Moslem with Christian, of a relatively modern democracy with a medieval aristocracy, of town against country, and crossing it all, the intrigues of pro-Austrians and pro-Italians against nationalists, with Young Turk agents and Greek Bishops to aggravate the chaos. Only a very ignorant spectator would dare to prophesy the end. In ten or twenty years Albania must live through the phases of social, political, and racial amalgamation which in France and England required several centuries. Events will show whether the human brain is capable of such a feat.

PROFESSOR SANDAY'S REPLY.

THE Zanzibar controversy has been engineered by the Church Party with singular skill. In its original form it commanded little general sympathy. The average Churchman, while he accepts bishops as part of the existing order, resents the exclusive tendencies of Anglicanism, and regards the English Church as one of the Protestant Churches. It was felt that "the zealous African" had blundered; and the decision taken was that he must be firmly, though kindly, suppressed. Lambeth is sensitive to public as well as to party opinion, and keeps an eye on the secular as well as on the Church press. It was then that the characteristic adroitness of the dominant section of "Good Churchmen," to use Professor Watson's phrase, came into play. The ques-

tion of Episcopacy was put into the background, and that of Modernism raised. It is an open secret that the more extreme Anglicans have been for some time past in a state of increasing unrest and disaffection. Mr. R. A. Knox's "Loose Stones" was indeed a symptom of a widespread disease. They and others who, while not going all lengths, are accustomed to act with them, welcomed a diversion which promised at once to appeal to a circle wider than their own, and to throw an apple of discord into their opponents' camp. The questions raised by the Gospel record of the Birth and the Resurrection of Christ are peculiarly calculated to excite prejudice. Passion and ignorance become the allies of piety; it is easy to represent the conclusions of the critical school as inconsistent at once with subscription to the formularies of the Church and with faith. The Bishop of London's Resolutions to this effect were voted by a majority in Convocation, with the somewhat hesitating support of the Primate. But a more weighty and less ambiguous embodiment of the position which they represent is found in the "Open Letter" addressed nominally to his clergy, in fact to the Church at large, by the Bishop of Oxford; in which he re-asserts the Zanzibarite view of the episcopate under cover of a bitter attack on the critical, or scientific, school of theology, whose opinions he pronounces, as it were, *ex cathedra*, to be inconsistent with the creeds, and untenable by those who are pledged to them.

It is to this "Open Letter" that Professor Sanday's important pamphlet is a reply. It would be difficult to over-state the service done by the writer to the Church and to scholarship—the "true religion and useful learning" of the Bidding Prayer. And it is a service which perhaps only he could have rendered. The conclusions indicated in the "Reply" are indeed those to which modern theology is unmistakably making. But English theological thought is curiously out of touch with European. And that a man of Professor Sanday's moderation, so distinctively Anglican by temperament and sympathy, so constitutionally averse from party and from extremes, should have "come out into the open," to quote his own words, so promptly and so unambiguously, is an event of the first consequence. It will take by surprise those only who have overlooked the fact that, with all his moderation, he is a man of exceptional learning and exceptional sincerity. The former made it impossible that he should not gravitate towards the conclusions indicated by the evidence at our disposal; the latter that he should fail to defend the scientific position and those who occupy it when they were unintelligently and not very scrupulously attacked. He has shown (1) the inevitableness of the scientific position; (2) its compatibility with spiritual and historical Christianity; and (3) the essential unity of English and Continental thought.

"I must confess (he says) that I began this pamphlet in an indignant mood. I have tried to remove the traces of this; and I shall be glad if I have in some measure succeeded." We shall not pretend to regret that his success has been incomplete. It is not only that he carries heavier guns than his opponent. He does so: but the moral element is dominant throughout. When

a distinguished French ecclesiastic signalized his withdrawal from the Modernist position by a series of attacks on those who were carrying on the work which he had abandoned, a witty prelate fixed the situation in a phrase. "C'est une cocotte qui offre le pain bénit dans sa paroisse, en jetant des regards de mépris aux filles-mères." The Bishop of Oxford's character and motives are above suspicion. But that the editor of "Lux Mundi" should lead the attack of the least enlightened section of the clergy on the cautious and moderate criticism represented by "Foundations," is a sight to make cynics smile. It was a saying of Talleyrand that no one need be angry at anything said by a bishop or a woman. He knew both bishops and women well. And anger is not the precise feeling roused in Liberal Churchmen by the charge of insincerity brought against them by Bishop Gore.

That the critical position with regard to the *Vor- und Nachgeschichte* of the Gospels should perplex simple and pious people is inevitable. And, though many of those who protest most loudly against it are far from simple and only moderately pious, we need not refuse even to them a certain, if a qualified, sympathy: character and motives are mixed. But the situation is not without precedent. How many simple and pious persons were perplexed by the Reformation, by Pauline Universalism, by the anti-legalism of Christ! It is probable that some of the best, as it is certain that many of the worst, men of the respective times opposed these movements: public opinion, if not hostile, was indifferent. But each of the three made its way surely, rapidly, at times no doubt ruthlessly; it is the forlorn hope that wins the world.

The key to such controversies is orientation. Till this has been gained, the argument over details is at once endless and fruitless. The world of thought, like the world of things, is not a fixed magnitude, but a process, a movement, a thing in the making; religion is neither institution nor formula, but "spirit and life." Ecclesiastical and dogmatic Christianity is blind to this. "The Bishop omits entirely the one argument that seems to me to be really decisive," says Professor Sanday. "That is the argument from the *differences of times*. Creeds composed fifteen, sixteen, seventeen centuries ago cannot possibly express with literal exactitude the mind of to-day. And, conversely, the mind of to-day cannot possibly correspond with literal exactitude to the wording of the Creeds. Its whole intellectual context is different; and in the process of translating from the one context into the other differences must come in. There must be an element of what may be called 'mutatis mutandis.' . . . It follows that, in appropriating to our own day the language of the Creeds, we must do it through a more or less critical medium. This is not matter of opinion, but matter of fact."

It is on fact, indeed, not on opinion that differences in religion are found in the last resort to turn; and the distinction is not so much between those who hold this or that opinion as between those who know and those who do not know the facts. Hence the impression of unreality left by most of our apologetic. Its proofs prove, its disproofs disprove nothing; were

it not that Burke's saying that most men are fifty years behind in their politics, may be doubled when applied to religion, it would be difficult to believe that those who deal in them are sincere. "The defensive position which it is sought to construct really breaks down. The distinctions on which it turns seem to me quite untenable. They are invented *ad hoc*, to save the common literal interpretation of points in the Gospel history, and have the artificial character of all such inventions."

One essential point in Professor Sanday's argument is the distinction between miracles *supra* and *contra naturam*. The latter group is small; and with regard to its two most important constituents, the Birth and Resurrection of Christ, "the *contra naturam* element was only a part—and I may be permitted to say, a small part of these great events. In ancient times it seemed necessary to the completeness of the idea, but it is so no longer. The element that we seem likely to lose has done its work, and can be spared. It is like a lame man laying aside his crutches"; and the German proverb suggests itself—Strength and crutches come from the same hand. "The ultimate goal is the unification of thought, the fusion of all secular thinking and all religious thinking in one comprehensive and harmonious whole. If I am not mistaken, such a unification is nearer in sight than it has been for a very long time." The proceedings of Convocation—which, to put it plainly, were neither dignified nor edifying—do not suggest this. But there are more spacious horizons than that of Convocation. The corrective to parochial thinking is the large map.

THE GENIUS OF PARNELL.

Mrs. PARNELL's memories of her husband do not greatly add to or take from the stature of the man. As Mr. Barry O'Brien drew him so he was. His relations with the lady who became his wife show indeed that his mind and soul were divided between two passions. He loved his country without allowing the world to look behind the mask of calculation which he habitually wore; it is now made clear that he loved a woman without wearing for himself and for her any mask at all. The relationship was hidden from the world by a thin deceit of code words, sham letters, and concealed arrangements. It had some humiliating incidents and some shameful ones. But it seemed to yield him unalloyed happiness up to and beyond the time when it drew him to his fall. Morality will condemn the tie itself and fine feeling revolt at this unfaltering publication of its secrets; but it is fair to the dead man and the living woman to say that it partook of the character of a marriage. Parnell entered into a kind of open deception of his contemporaries, but he was no libertine. He was a solitary and morbid man of delicate health, and it is the suggestion of this book that but for Mrs. O'Shea's care of him he must have died in early life. He embarked on a strange domesticity, recorded on his side with a simple and commonplace tenderness. His love letters are the record of his almost

complete inexpressiveness in matters of emotion. Not one man or woman in a thousand, reading them in ignorance of Parnell's name and career, would guess that they were other than the trivial record of a middle-class Englishman's devotion to his wife, companion, and housekeeper. This was the character he took over for himself without an intellectual doubt or an accusing pang of conscience. When the truth was revealed, he claimed the right to defy the "hypocrisies" of politicians who had long been aware of it, and to set at naught the judgment of a "law-worshipping" people,* whom it in no way concerned. His mind took a still bolder flight, and he ranged himself unhesitatingly with the race of Titans who defy the laws of the Gods because they have chosen to be a law to themselves:—

"I have given (he said to his wife on the eve of the divorce), and will give Ireland what is in me to give. That I have vowed to her, but my private life shall never belong to any country, but to one woman. There will be a howl, but it will be the howling of hypocrites; not altogether, for some of these Irish fools are genuine in their belief that forms and creeds can govern life and men; perhaps they are right so far as they can experience life. But I am not as they, for they are among the world's children. I am a man, and I have told these children what they want, and they clamor for it. If they will let me, I will get it for them. But if they turn from me, my queen, it matters not at all in the end. What the ultimate government of Ireland will be is settled, and it will be so, and what my share in the work has been and is to be, also. I do wish you would stop fretting about me. We know nothing of how or why, but only that we love one another, and that through all the ages is the one fact that cannot be forgotten nor put aside by us."

If these words are written as they were spoken, they reveal the excessive pride which, if it seemed to be Parnell's strength, was in the end his downfall. By that sin fell the angels; and when Parnell could bring himself to say that there are no men in politics, "only weapons," he spoke one of those half-truths which sap the spiritual ascendancy of leaders. His greater successes were reaped when, with all his extraordinary gifts of chieftainship, he chose, with the younger Napoleon, to be the comrade of his fellow-soldiers rather than their half-veiled Prophet, withdrawn within the jealous circle of a woman's devotion. Mrs. Parnell says with truth that no man either flattered or humiliated him, and that to the end he despised the crowds of eager British admirers who beset his shy and solitary path, and found his only joy in a public reception "in the midst of a peasant crowd in Ireland." This nobler sympathy he retained, and the wild experiences of his last year of life enhanced it. But it is open to a political critic to say that his later way of living drove him increasingly underground and away from his party, accentuated his indolence, and gave a "bright-infernal" coloring to his natural exclusiveness.

If ever a man's career illustrated the difference between talent and genius, it was Parnell's. By his side, the ablest of his contemporaries—at moments, even Gladstone, whom Parnell considered to be greatly his superior in statecraft—looked merely talented. His

value, to use a cant term of economics, was largely unimproved value. He read nothing but a little practical science, not even Irish history. He had an unequalled power of interesting the House of Commons, and yet he never troubled to acquire the superficial polish of the speaker's art. Indeed, he hardly spoke often enough to be tolerably good at his business; relying on the native power of his character, and on the deference which weakness or doubt pays to strength and firmness of mind. In this self-sufficingness, Parnell was encouraged by the fact that, if we take the purely Irish view of politics, he was usually right. He was right in his resolve to reverse Butt's tactics, and, ceasing to woo England, to awaken, harass, and confuse her. He was right in his choice of instruments, and his use of them; his reliance on the Clan-na-Gael, and on Fenianism—and on Davitt, Egan, Ford, their several leaders—coupled with his resolve to subordinate them to the service of an independent Irish Parliamentary party. He was right in his grand strategy of massing the Irish race, at home and abroad, against the British Empire and its cherished Parliamentary system. He was right in his refusal to permit an alliance between Liberalism and Nationalism. Even in his hour of failure and desperate tactics he hit upon the blot on the second form of Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, the reduction of Irish membership of the Imperial Parliament, coupled with an incomplete grant of powers to the Irish Assembly. Above all, he was right in maintaining a single appeal to Irish opinion, and treating England's mixed moral and political judgment on the incidents of the Land War as if at best it were the judgment of one wrong-doer on another. This attitude involved him in moral difficulties, of which he was not conscious. But time has sanctioned his refusal to defend himself from Forster's grand attack, even while it condemns the indifference with which he read the forged letters in the "Times," "meditatively buttering and eating his toast the while," and proposed to pass them by on the ground that "the English 'Times' was a paper of no particular importance," and that he never noticed anything which appeared in the journals. It would be untrue to say that he was callous about crime. The Phoenix Park murders broke him down, and almost secured his willing retirement from the Irish leadership. But he was a man of one purpose; and to his direct, somewhat insensitive, intelligence what forwarded that purpose seemed good and what retarded it bad. His politics were thus those of instinct; like a magnificent animal, he was finely fitted to his task, and was scornful, and even half-human, to whomsoever and whatsoever stood in the way of its accomplishment.

But the true moral of Parnell's career, as of that of every man of genius in affairs, was that its strength lay in the power of will, turned with immense concentration on a single and attainable object. There was will, but there was also passion, concealed under a cold externality, but visible to all careful students of the man. Parnell was, indeed, Nietzsche's best modern instance; he was in form and type a Superman. Obeying the imperative call of his mind, and obeying nothing else, he swooped down on the centre-point of the Anglo-Irish quarrel.

* "The English make a law and bow down and worship it till they find it obsolete—long after this is obvious to other nations—then they bravely make another, and start afresh in the opposite direction. That's why I am glad Ireland has a religion; there is so little hope for a nation that worships laws."

Other Irishmen had felt the humiliation of Ireland before, and given it emotional but no true political expression. Parnell was the first great modern Irishman to strike remorselessly at England's weak point in her dealings with Ireland. This was the Parliamentary position. England had decreed the Union, and the Union bound her to maintain over a hundred Irish members in Parliament. Once win over the bulk of these representatives to the cause of political independence, and the battle was won. England must either compromise, or stamp out rebellion in blood. Parnell knew that, thanks both to the sanity and the fears of Liberalism, she would take the first course, not the second. His strategy pushed her rapidly to the end he desired. His land campaign forced on the eviction of the landlord garrison. That capital event achieved, Home Rule became inevitable. Making his final choice of parties, Parnell again turned wisely to the genius of Gladstone, the only British statesman whom he feared. That his association with Mrs. O'Shea enabled him to impress his views regularly on the Liberal leader was an advantage to which his private affections did not, it may be presumed, altogether blind him. Reasonable men will hardly blame Gladstone for accepting the means of communication thus tendered without demanding to know all the motives which might have underlain it. As the effective head of the State, he had no right to reject it. The genesis of Home Rule lay in the so-called "Kilmainham Treaty." The Irish and the British leader struck a prudent arrangement, and from that moment their dealings were on the lines of mutual accommodation for the good of the two countries they served. It was a disaster—which Gladstone bewailed to Mr. O'Brien in a deeply felt tribute to his dead rival—when these two men separated for ever.* But essentially their work was done. Irish wit and British good sense had met together, and struck a treaty of which the next few years will see the consummation. Parnell's letters to Mrs. O'Shea veil the dominating force which was his secret, and are pathetic because they are a prophecy of the inevitable end. They show that he felt deeply and suffered much, and they will quicken few men's hands to throw a stone at him.

H. W. M.

A London Diary.

THE talk for the moment is of an early General Election—say in July—and it depends on the theory of an irreconcilable Opposition pushing events at their hardest, and conniving at the refusal of the Army to do its duty in Ulster. That calculation again rests on the idea that as soon as the Home Rule Bill passes the House of Commons, a Provisional Government will be proclaimed in Belfast, and a series of unlawful acts set on foot. These might or might not include a seizure of

* "I cannot tell you how much I think about him, and what an interest I take in everything concerning him. A marvellous man, a terrible fall!"—Gladstone to Mr. Barry O'Brien.

Customs. If they did, a stormy issue seems inevitable. In that case much would depend on the handling of the Army, and an avoidance of the mistakes which led to Mr. Asquith taking Colonel Seely's place. But if the procedure were firm and judicious, and therefore successful, why should the Government abdicate? And if they did go to the country—which I think to be impossible—how would Unionism find its account? A reduction of the Ministerial majority touches the outer fringe of its hopes. Supposing they were realized, and we even get back to 1885, the year of the Irish balance—i.e., to that stalemate of our politics on which, since the days of Parnell, rests the case of Ireland for deliverance from England, and of England for deliverance from Ireland? Personally, I think there are elements in Unionist statesmanship which foresee the return of this old muddle, and will make an intelligent effort to avert it. But are they firm enough?

As for immediate events, the Government's mouth is necessarily closed by such language as Sir Edward Carson's. They can say nothing more, while the Bill is going through, nor announce or suggest any further concessions. The House takes this situation according to the disposition and feeling of its members. The Die-Hards on both sides rejoice; the Moderates despond. But the latter are not organized for action together, and as the lead is now with the Lords, the natural home of Die-Hardism, the prospect even of seeing the Amending Bill again is not a great one. So conflicting is the language and tone of the various Opposition leaders, and so shifting the note, that men have left off trying to discover how much is tactics, and how much a kind of frightened resolve to risk bloodshed—risk anything—in order to get the Government out.

From some rather inaccurate statements, which have been appearing of late in the Unionist Press, as to the surprising growth of the Nationalist Volunteers, I gather that it is not yet realized that this is mainly a self-supporting movement. Whereas money is lavishly spent from outside—by Unionist financiers in the City of London, for instance—on the drills of the Ulster Volunteers, the rival force seeks to maintain itself by a system of self-imposed levies. Thus every Nationalist who turns up at a drill is expected to bring his tributary pence with him—a principle, after all, entirely in line with the tradition of unrewarded labor which has long been the mark of the Nationalist cause.

AFTER a forty days' debate in the Commons (spread at intervals over two years) the Welsh Church Bill has now gone for the last time to the Lords, where, if Lord St. Aldwyn's advice is followed, steps will be taken to "drag the wheels of this iniquitous measure as much as possible—to delay its operation for every possible moment." But that was the view six months ago, and tactics may have changed in the interval. Certainly the temperature of the controversy has fallen. In the third reading the case for the Bill was virtually allowed to go by

default—an unexpected triumph for the sifting processes of the Parliament Act. I fancy, however, that the contest at Ipswich may have had something to do with this subdued tone. For once, the speeches of the Opposition were keyed to a note of more or less submissive martyrdom, designed, no doubt, to fall without offence on the ears of Nonconformist voters.

I do not find Mrs. Parnell's picture of her husband's life so negligible as some of its critics. It seems to me that without great additions to Mr. Barry O'Brien's powerful book (from which it takes a good deal of material) it reveals just enough to enable us to complete the picture of his personality. Cold at the surface, passionate at the core, was surely the real description of him. Did this association help him as a political leader? His colleagues always said "No." It increased the old puzzle of knowing where Parnell was, what his mind was, and what to do without the presence and hourly counsel of the man who was so supremely good at direction. Undoubtedly in the earlier phases of his leadership he did a great deal more detailed supervision than in the later, and though Parnell's mastery of the Grand Situation was unequalled and peculiar to himself, life is made up of details, and little omissions may make all the difference between victories and defeats.

BUT the merely puzzling fascination of his character grew with his growing negligence, for in a sense he always came up to time. One never forgets those late appearances of his in the Commons. His loose-fitting clothes (a frock coat thrown over a rough tweed waistcoat and trousers was a favorite improvisation) suggested a device hastily contrived for the hour. Not so his gait—which was a kind of deliberate stalk—and his frigid air and speech. At these moments he would often keep the House waiting (it seemed for some minutes, and all on the tip-toe of expectation) till he had got the word that exactly suited him. I never *listened* to any speaker (not the G.O.M. himself) as I listened to Parnell. And yet I suppose there was never a more grace-less orator. By the way, who is the "Mr. Tintern," described as Gladstone's agent? I never heard of him.

MRS. O'SHEA's book is not the only light on Parnell's character which is to come to us from sources closely in contact with him. Mr. J. H. Parnell is also to publish his reminiscences of his brother through Messrs. Constable. There was much, but (need one say?) quietly expressed affection between the two men, "J. H." being amiable and sympathetic, as well as deep in admiration of his brother's genius.

I AM told that some sergeants at the Curragh have spent their furloughs in giving instruction to the Ulster Volunteer Corps—a serious fact.

MODERN hospitality seems to take more and more impersonal forms. A young friend of mine, going to a dance, found her invitation made out to herself and her

partner, who was to be her own choice, and with whom she would be supposed to dance for the whole of the evening. The young man in question seemed to me to have fallen on an exceptionally enviable lot. But what is that hospitality which fills half its house with strangers?

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

ON NATIONAL CHARACTER.

WERE the Greeks of the classical period a nation of athletes, sages, and heroes? The question is almost sacrilegious, and though it has often been put by scholars and historians, the general opinion of all the right-minded is that those who put it were ill-conditioned fellows, and that to doubt the Greek tradition is hardly to be distinguished from anarchism, or atheism, or from any of the less reputable forms of intellectual bomb-throwing. The sacrilegious questions are apt to be the interesting questions, and there have always been people who would raise them. The mass of mankind has, on the whole, persisted in thinking of the Greeks as a race of men resembling the figures of the Elgin marbles, who reasoned like the interlocutors of a Platonic dialogue, conversed like the persons of a Sophoclean tragedy, and acted with a view to having their lives written some generations later by Plutarch. It was, however, a brief and transient glory. You may, as your fancy urges, blame slavery, or democracy, the sophists, or the Macedonian and Roman conquests, but the fact is that the national character, exemplified by the best people in the best period, totally vanished from the world's stage. In its place arose a succession of degraded types, ranging from the Græculus esuriens of the Empire to the theologians of the Councils and the Circuses, and the Levantine of modern Europe. The degradation, oddly enough, has shown a curious consistency. It exhibits what we call the Southern temperament, nervous, excitable, vain, given to faction, maddened by jealousy, intolerant, Chauvinistic, and yet governed by a shrewd eye to the main chance; acquisitive, economical, capable of hard work, uncannily clever, quick, and adaptable, a type, in a word, which, for all its supposed "decadence," achieves success, and is led by that sound instinct of self-preservation which Nature, as a rule, has fortunately denied to the decadent.

For our part, we incline to a formula for the solution of this contradiction which may be sacrilegious, but at least avoids the other sin of assuming that there are leaps in Nature and non sequiturs in History. We suggest that the Greek of the Elgin marbles, the tragedies, and the Plutarchian lives, was not a type, or a known species, or a fact at all. He was an ideal. To this ideal the best people in the best period aspired. They aspired to it precisely as the leader-writer in a modern Athenian newspaper does when he models himself on Demosthenes. The Greek of reality and history was always the Greek with the southern temperament. Aristotle's magnanimous man was no more a composite portrait of the people whose society he quitted for a barbarian court than the humble Christian of Thomas à Kempis was a portrait of the people who quarrelled and traded and robbed along the highway outside his monastery. It was an ideal which an ephemeral aristocracy in free Athens could afford to admire for a few generations. When it had to

face the fact of alien Empire, it dropped all its highfalutin' about magnanimity, and fell back on the other and more realizable ideal of smartness. An Odysseus-like adaptability is an ideal which one may with equal truth describe as Homeric and Levantine. The best people in the better Greece did not admire the magnanimous man because they were naturally cold and proud and self-restrained. They admired him because they had reached a stage of self-consciousness in which they acutely perceived their own failings. They admired the great-souled invention of Academic philosophy, because he was everything which they were not. And that, perhaps, is what one means by national character.

We are brought to these reflections by an entertaining book, in which a brilliant French journalist, best known by her pseudonym, "Fœmina," has paid her tribute to "The English Soul" (Heinemann). The English soul, one gathers, is very like the Greek soul. It is the insubstantial essence of everything we lack. It is the ideal which contradicts our inbred tendencies, and in the end subdues them. It is the antithesis of our nature, and yet it is what we stand for in the world. With this ideal English soul, Mdlle. Jacque Vontade is wittily and perversely in love, and one seems, as one blusteringly reads her sparkling and subtle book, to hear her justifying her chosen among national souls to her gossips and neighbors. "But your Englishman," objects the gossip, "is so stolid, so passionless, so wooden, so cold." "On the contrary, my dear," "Fœmina" answers, "that is only because you do not know him. In reality he boils with primitive passions. He has a violence exceeding any Latin fury. He has learned self-control only because of all men he needed it most." "Very well," the gossip answers, "it shall be as you say. Your Englishman is a brute, a blundering, beef-eating, insensitive John Bull, a sensualist, and with it all, a hypocrite." "On the contrary," answers "Fœmina," "he has the best of manners in Europe, and he is the one man among us all who has evolved and observed an ideal of fair play." It is of some such sprightly dialogue as this that the book reminds us, with its endless paradoxes, and its epigrammatic quips. It is all summed up in these sentences:—

"The beautiful movements of the English soul are not those of a supple nature abandoning itself to life, but reactions against primitive instincts—attempts, if not at entire change, at least at modification. They have invented a strict morality because they are dangerously violent; because they incline to cruelty they brand it more sternly than any other vice. They have the best manners in the world because they are at bottom brutal."

This is, on the whole, as true as it is neatly said. The praise is too generous, and perhaps the underlying blame is too harsh. "Fœmina," in short, is a French journalist.

The plain fact of the matter is that ours is the muscular temperament with all its merits and defects. It is made for action, and its glory is neither quick intelligence, nor speculative depth, nor artistic power. Untaught and unmodified, it is direct, insensitive, and even relatively brutal. But history, religion, and wealth have civilized it. It has evolved a secondary and ideal self at many points, the exact antithesis of its fundamental instincts. Its life is a self-conscious oscillation between these two extremes. John Bull, who is the primitive muscular brute, is always struggling with the English "gentleman," and "Fœmina," in her kindly admiration, is only wrong in somewhat ante-dating the triumph of the latter and somewhat exaggerating the suppression of the former. We do not follow her in all the *finesse* of her analysis. There is probably much truth in her paradox that we have, or try to have, a

strict morality, because we are naturally passionate and sensual. But her argument is not to us convincing. She detects our sensuality, for example, in our literary cult of fear—pure fear, sensuous, abandoned fear. Now, it is true that fear has this connection with sensuality, and it is true also that some of Poe's tales, particularly "The House of Usher," illustrate it. But Poe was not an Englishman, and his tales have been even more popular in France than in England. This cult of fear was part of the whole romantic movement, which was cosmopolitan, and more German than English in origin. Chateaubriand, a really typical French brain, practised it in René.

Nor, again, with all our self-love, can we accept all the praise which our admirer gives us for our chivalrous practice of Fair Play, and that magnanimity and respect for a brave enemy which it inculcates. The medieval instances from Froissart are very touching, and the Black Prince was a very perfect knight. But was he or our Plantagenet aristocracy English? Chivalry was a cosmopolitan ideal, and it came to us with our Franco-Norman conquerors. Her modern instances are more questionable. Is it true, for example, that we were chivalrous to Napoleon? We have indeed made a retrospective cult around him as around Joan of Arc. But the cartoons of Gillray tell a different tale. They were the work of John Bull's stubby fingers and blunt pencil, and they utter a quite primitive and brutal malignity. The records of St. Helena hardly deserve to stand among the brighter pages in the history of chivalry. Nor is it true, as "Fœmina" thinks, that our public opinion was generous to the Boers while we still feared them. Our popular press accused them of every form of brutality and treachery, and the mean verses of Swinburne were only a little below the general moral level in our period of defeat. An Irishman's comments on our national chivalry would make more painful but more salutary reading than these uncritical pages from a French pen.

The truth about national character is, we imagine, that it is always among civilized peoples something between the unrealized ideal and the primitive complex of instincts. For a people whose national character represents with about equal truth its practice and its ideal, one must go to a level at which reflection and self-consciousness have hardly begun to work. The Turks are very nearly what they would wish to be—or rather they were so, before contact with Europe drew them into a world too complex for their brains. It is the common remark of travellers that they observe their creed far more closely than any race or sect of Christians—a remark which is at once a criticism of their creed and a eulogy of their conduct. By dint of reading Aristotle, it is likely that the natural Levantine Ulysses of Athens attained a certain magnanimity. By telling himself often enough to try to behave like a gentleman, John Bull has considerably mended his manners. The modern German, by a contrary process, is in some danger of suppressing his natural geniality and unworldliness by an inculcated super-morality, borrowed from Bismarck's practice and Nietzsche's theory. He is drilling himself into an imitation of the muscular temperament almost as rapidly as we are schooling ourselves out of it. The real difference between ourselves and the French is, we imagine, that the influences which have civilized and taught our soul its "beautiful movements" have been conscious, subjective, and personal. First among them was the introspective, ethical religion. After that came the gentlemanly tradition of the public school, which may be defined as muscular ethics modified by the pressure of enforced residence under a single roof. Each influence, religious and social, was in a peculiar sense

our own creation. In France the civilizing influence has always seemed to be something external—the Roman law, the Catholic Church, the discipline of the Jesuits. Even science and art, which between them have made the modern French ideals of work and grace, are something outside and above the mind, as our own formative "sport" is not. The play of French instincts is no more natural and instinctive than ours. But they have been schooled to their sure and graceful dance by teachers who stood above them, and ideals which wore an abstract and unpersonal dress. Our civilization, on the contrary, has been the "struggling tasked morality" of an internal struggle, and it has left us with wrinkled brows and complicated "souls," hypocrites for our enemies, gentlemen for our friends, and enigmas for ourselves.

THAT HUMAN CHILD.

EXCEPT, perhaps, India, we suppose there is no subject on earth that makes the average Englishman turn the page so quickly as education. There is something about the very sound of the word appalling in its boredom. Obviously, it ought not to be so, for one would expect a vitally important subject to be vitally interesting. Some people may not like looking back on their childhood and school days, but most seem rather to enjoy it. They contemplate those old times through a romantic haze. If they continue trailing any clouds of glory into middle age, it is the glory of schoolboy heroism that they trail. If they have no memories of golf or fishing to lie about they can always exercise a splendid mendacity upon their feats at school, since none can contradict them now. And yet, as we said, even for the hero of a thousand fictions, the very thought or sound of the word "education" is enough to turn the page or stop the converse dead.

All the more credit to the most trenchant of our many pamphleteers (for our best novels and dramas are pamphlets now)—all the more credit to him for venturing on so tiresome a theme. In his new volume of three collected plays ("Misalliance," "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," and "Fanny's First Play," published by Messrs. Constable) Mr. Bernard Shaw has written a preface on education. We suppose it to be a preface, because it occupies rather more than one-third of the book, and has its pages numbered with Roman figures. And we assume it is intended as an introduction to the play of "Misalliance," leading us gently up to the declaration of one among the characters: "Parents and children! No man should know his own child. No child should know its own father. Let the family be rooted out of civilization! Let the human race be brought up in institutions!" At all events, the pamphlet is called "Parents and Children," it is written with all Mr. Shaw's desperate seriousness, rising at times to high solemnity, and it does not maunder over the beauty of Home Influences and Family Affections. For, after insisting that children are a nuisance to grown-up people, and that because youth and age cannot live together, a parent's first thought is to get the children away to school, this preface continues:—

"In no class are people willing to endure the society of their children, and, consequently, it is an error to believe that the family provides children with edifying adult society, or that the family is a social unit. The family is in that, as in so many other respects, a humbug."

Closely connected with this explosion of the family is the explosion of the parent. The child has no rights or liberties now. It is the property of its physical

parents, and they are allowed to work their work upon the Life Force which it incarnates. The worst kind of parent is the one who assumes himself to be the proper model for the child. After recalling how the father of Francis Place always struck his children when he found one within reach, Mr. Shaw continues:—

"As compared with the conventional good father who deliberately imposes himself on his son as a god; who takes advantage of children's credulity and parent worship to persuade his son that what he approves of is right, and what he disapproves of is wrong; who imposes a corresponding conduct on the child by a system of prohibitions and penalties, rewards and eulogies, for which he claims divine sanction; compared with this sort of abortionist and monster maker, I say, Place, senior, appears almost as a Providence."

The most excusable parents, we consequently read, are those who try to correct their own faults in their offspring. The parent who says: "I am one of the successes of the Almighty; therefore imitate me in every particular, or I will have the skin off your back," is no longer to be regarded as praiseworthy, and it is a good parent's part to hold himself up as a warning rather than an example. No one will dispute this doctrine, and yet it is a hard saying. We imagine the good parent taking the child upon his knee and exclaiming, "Regard my obese and bulging form, O son! It is the result of greediness and self-indulgence. Consider this shaking hand and bleary eye; they come from drink. Observe my riches; they are derived from the plunder of the poor. Count your poor mother's wrinkles; they sprang from my ill-treatment. So now, learn fortune from whom you will, but never attempt to learn virtue from me or from your Uncle Hector, who is just as bad." A really excellent man, intent on posing as a moral scarecrow to his progeny, might carry his object-lesson so far; but it is a hard lesson for fathers, none the less.

Schools fare no better than parents at the hands of this smasher of idols. School is the place to which parents send their children to get them out of the way, and the masters keep them there because they pay. It is worse than a prison; it is a stalled pound into which you are forced with a lot of other children, beaten if you talk, beaten if you move, beaten if you cannot prove by answering idiotic questions that even when you escape from the pound and from the eye of your gaoler you were still agonizing over his detestable sham books, instead of daring to live. For his own schooling, Mr. Shaw says he has never seen a Latin inscription on a tomb which he could translate throughout, and of Greek he can barely decipher the greater part of the alphabet. For the rest, he continues:—

"I was taught lying, dishonorable submission to tyranny, dirty stories, a blasphemous habit of treating love and maternity as obscene jokes, hopelessness, evasion, derision, cowardice, and all the blackguard's shifts by which the coward intimidates other cowards. And if I had been a boarder at an English public school instead of a day boy at an Irish one, I might have had to add to these deeper shames still."

He admits that there have been school teachers of genius. He has heard of Froebel and Pestalozzi, of Miss Mason and Dottressa Montessori; and especially he admires M. Jacques Dalcroze, of Hellerau, who, like Plato, believes in saturating his pupils with music, and makes his school so fascinating that elderly gentlemen excitedly enrol themselves as students and distract classes of infants by their desperate endeavors to beat two in a bar with one hand and three with the other, and start off on earnest walks round the room, taking two steps backward whenever Monsieur Dalcroze calls out "Hop!" Yes, there are teachers of genius, whom their pupils not only obey without coercion, but adore.

And whilst we are in the way with it, we should like to point out that the schoolmaster of genius is not always detected even by the cleverest of men. Recently, for instance, we were reading a penetrative and inspiring attack upon things in general by that other eminent pamphleteer, Mr. H. G. Wells, and in the course of it he included an onslaught upon schoolmasters. He concentrated his indignation upon the Headmaster of Dulwich, whom he denounced by name, apparently because he did not admire the style and simplicity of some letter that the master had written to the papers. The choice was unfortunate. We may not pay so much attention to points of expression as a great writer like Mr. Wells naturally does, and we admit that Mr. Gilkes, being very much like Socrates in ironic simplicity, possibly wrote more like Socrates than Mr. Wells could approve. But all who in their boyhood have come under the influence of that great personality, and have felt it still alive and fresh within them even after forty years of active and varied life, will acknowledge that if ever there was a schoolmaster of genius, it is he.

So we may hope that, if one of our most famous writers has gone so far astray in his judgment, there may exist some few glimmerings of virtue hidden in our schools which Mr. Shaw himself has failed to detect. Even if he found them, it is true, they would not comfort him, for he tells us that the rare instances of excellent masters do more harm than good; they only encourage us to pretend that all schoolmasters are like that. But turning from those heart-searching criticisms, let us try to gather up a few of the positive suggestions which the writer puts forward in these cxvi. pages, with all his accustomed seriousness, as we said. We confess we were terrified by that sentence in the play, "Let the human race be brought up in institutions!" At once we had visions of Workhouse Schools and other barracks, where helpless children are sent, in the depressing phrase of our Poor Law administrators, to be "institutionally treated." The very worst home in slum or suburb is still a little better than a barrack school. It is better to live under the domination of parents who flatter themselves on being the successes of the Almighty, than to be herded up in those hideous prisons under State management, deprived of hope, of change, of solitude, of affection, and of escape.

But it is a relief to find that Mr. Shaw's "institutional treatment" is of a very different nature. It is founded on the two main principles, so violently opposed to all our habitual methods of education and government, that mere submissiveness must not be inculcated, and that liberty is the breath of life to nations. For children and citizens, those principles are now being continually encroached upon, but Mr. Shaw would extend both to the child in so far as it can be done without making him an unbearable nuisance. Perhaps the shortest summary of the method and object is the following passage:—

"This right to live includes, and in fact is, the right to be what the child likes and can, to do what it likes and can, to make what it likes and can, to think what it likes and can, to smash what it dislikes and can, and generally to behave in an altogether unaccountable manner within the limits imposed by the similar rights of its neighbors. And the rights of society over it clearly extend to requiring it to qualify itself to live in society without wasting other people's time: that is, it must know the rules of the road, be able to read placards and proclamations, fill voting papers, compose and send letters and telegrams, purchase food and clothing and railway tickets for itself, count money and give and take change, and generally know how many beans make five. It must know some law, were it only a simple set of commandments, some political economy, agriculture enough to shut the gates of fields with cattle in them and

not to trample on growing crops, sanitation enough not to defile its haunts, and religion enough to have some idea why it is allowed its rights and why it must respect the rights of others. And the rest of its education must consist of anything else it can pick up."

There must be no repression or intolerance of opinion, for "a nation should always be healthily rebellious." The child should be allowed to work at something useful every day, for it should learn independence, and be preserved from the boredom of the rich. As to "institutions," the point is that wherever a child chooses to wander it should find itself at home, something like a Boy Scout among his fellows. For it is "a prime condition of sane society, obvious as such to anyone but an idiot, that in any decent community, children should find in every part of their native country, food, clothing, lodging, instruction, and parental kindness for the asking." Finally, towards the end of the pamphlet, the writer ascends, as we said, to solemn heights in a passage upon the true meaning and vital necessity of art, "the last ray of which is being cut off from our schools by the discontinuance of religious education." We only wish the Education Office, all Members of Parliament, County Councillors, and Board School managers would learn by heart the twelve or fourteen pages containing the sections from "Art Teaching" to "The Bible."

WASTED SUNSHINE.

WHEN the wind howls, lashing at the roses, scattering the apple blossoms; when black showers of hail chase one another across the landscape; when it drizzles all day; we think of those beautiful days at the latter end of April and wish we had made more of them. We could have worked better, we could have played better, if we had known that that wonderful blue weather was only going to last a little time. For example, we could have hoed over the whole garden when the hot sunshine was in the mood to kill in a few hours every small weed we uprooted, whereas now the odious cress is shooting its seeds everywhere, ivy-leaved speedwell has arms a yard long, and no one can tell where they centre, the beds are a mat of weeds that are as happy after the hoe as before, and the only way of dealing with them is to take finger and thumb to each of them. We thoughtlessly cried out for rain, and now it has come it is far less easy to deal with than sun. With the hoe for watering-pot as well as exterminator of weeds we should have been better off than under this rain that falls on the just and the unjust—the weeds and the flowers—alike.

And then, we could have sun-bathed much more than we did. We can scarcely recall an hour spent supine under the glory of heaven, and we remember with shame that we grumbled at the trouble there was to get shade and to keep cool at our fidgety occupations. However, there were three days when we lived passably well. It was when we irksomely redeemed a promise to take some small boys camping. How gladly we would have got out of it when the time approached; what a trouble it was to pack up and get to the rendezvous in sweltering heat; what a lot of business it was to think out the meals and keep them going over a real gipsy fire! But with three days of sixteen hours apiece away from every roof but the blue sky, the Everything was certain to get talk with us for a few minutes, and it was that time of the fine spell that was well used. Sometimes we literally put off our shoes on that holy ground, at all times we had somewhat of the detachment from convention of which that doffing is the

ritual. It is not generally until August that the sun gets his way with most of us, making us such rebels as you would think the City smoke would never tame back. Perhaps we let ourselves go the more readily because we know that the winter rope of civilization is within a stroke or two. A summer from April to September might be a serious thing.

Of course, the boys had the best of it. Their enjoyments are so concrete, needing no *stance* by way of preparation; starting out of a concrete world ready made. Birds of many kinds nested in the wood, and, without asserting or denying that the boys collected eggs, the excitement of a new kind of birds' nest is one that never fails a human being of any kind. Next to the tent flowed the little stream, seemingly just running water but gradually revealing itself as a world of curiosities and of monsters. One has to live by the stream a little time before one sees even all the water rats, a long time before enjoying the beauty of a water shrew, a quiet time before seeing the first trout, and a generation or two before seeing a water nymph. We began by reaching our hands in. An arm would almost cross this tiny brook, but some of its mysteries absolutely compelled the removal of shoes and stockings. Troutlings were caught before they were seen. We learnt to look for their lurking places, as it were, with the eye of a trout. Yonder was a swirl near which it would be delightful to have one's nose watching the edibles circling round, and there was just the right alder root under which to make one's habitation. The fingers got to know beforehand the architecture of the place, and knew the trout backing away from them before they touched his rounded side.

Some holes that should have held trout held an unsuspected monster that instead of yielding, laid hold of the taker, laid hold with a sharp grip and came forth as a pursuer rather than a prisoner. The boys had never seen his kind before, but in about a minute christened him "nipper." We wondered at the certainty with which one of them opined that there might be something in "that hole." It was not a likely looking place, but he stuck by it while we tried many others, and persisted that it was well worth trying. No doubt he had just ventured a finger, felt something move, with legs instead of fins, and preferred that a more experienced hand than his should probe the matter. We caught many "nippers," some of them carrying eggs fixed to their tails like berries, and they kicked just as vigorously as the unburdened ones, without dislodging a single egg.

Man is no more satisfied with one crayfish than with one cricket match. Of course, they are all alike; just so are they all different. What ought to be more monotonous than the single trick of the click beetle, yet what is more demanded again, year after year? Some of us saw it for the first time, and the creature had wandered into our ken to become for a few moments the unchallenged centre of interest. The fact that it leapt so nimbly did not satisfy. We must know how it did so. For the moment, the question has been answered, but the full investigation of the muscles and springs and catches of the mechanism may furnish work for the investigation of a Malpighi or a Swammerdam. During another quiet moment, when the sun had us entirely to himself, a bee-fly or bombylius appeared, and executed its own feat upon a cuckoo-flower. First, it poised about a foot away, stationary in space by means of a faultlessly adjusted wing-movement of a hundred revolutions a minute. Then it came down almost to the flower with a dart, then hair's breadth by hair's breadth, till whether it actually touched it with its exquisitely thin legs or not, no one could say. At any rate, it has sworn never to bend a flower by the weight of a milligram, and it keeps its vow.

The delicate petals are as motionless as though they stood in a vacuum, but the wire-like proboscis enters the nectary, and takes its exiguous drink. Cheshire says that the thinnest stream that a honey-bee can take is such that 600 miles of it would only weigh a pound. One would think that the whole proboscis of the bombylius would lie in that innermost canal of the bee's tongue. After seeing the bee-fly's conjuring with a blossom, we appreciate the roughness with which a humble-bee bends down a blossom. We can almost hear the claws ripping the satin, and see the gashes they make before the hooks bite deep enough to hold.

All those days were blue without the merest wisp of cloud. What did the cold nights matter when it was certain that at six o'clock the sun would climb up like a clear fire, and dry up the dew like smoke? When the pale gold was on the beech trees, a willow-wren fluttered up from the thicket, and sat there waving her wings like damp rags, or as a Doctor of Divinity might wave the sleeves of his gown after a very light April shower. And the willow-wren's mate flew up to her, and perched beak-to-beak on the same twig, plainly saying, "Chilly, little woman! Never mind, the sun will put that right in two twos." Wonderful weather that was, when you could reckon on every moment of the day as certainly as upon a stove regulated by tap. At eight it would be only dewy in the shade, at ten it would be warm everywhere, by noon it would be downright hot, three would be the hottest part of the day, then we would temper off slowly to romantic twilight, the lighting up of glow-worms, and the hooting of owls. Several birds began their nests and finished them in a day, while in ordinary, changeable spring weather, they break and mend their minds half-a-dozen times a day, and sometimes hesitate for a fortnight before laying the first stick. We could tell by what time to-morrow a given branch of may would be in full blossom, and could take a visitor to see adders asleep in the sun as certainly as if we had kept them in a box. Those days of entire sunshine seemed common things while we had them. We made the most of one or two of them (but we ought to have used the hoe more). Now the real flood of sunshine has come. We are determined not to grumble at it and to use it like precious wine.

WEALTH AND LIFE.

XI.—THE ATTITUDE OF LABOR.

DURING any great labor dispute, those who are in touch with both the sides upon which people range themselves, will become vaguely aware of differences far deeper than the points ostensibly at issue. The masters, with their educated partisans, will define their position and terms; economists may advise them to give way somewhat, on the score of increased national efficiency or the better distribution of wealth. At all events, whether right or wrong, their arguments are fairly clear. But behind the specific demands of labor—supplying, indeed, their driving force—lies a mass of unformulated argument and feeling, which remains unformulated even by the educated partisans of labor; which cannot, in fact, be formulated in terms of our pseudo-scientific economics of wealth only. Popular speech, as so often happens, has seized on the underlying difference: it is "the masters' case" *versus* "labor unrest." Thus the two sides never really came to hand grips. No labor dispute is ever settled; it cannot be with the issues on one side undefined. It is quietened down, at best by a sop or two to labor.

Nor would education alone (on its present lines)

suffice to formulate the labor contention. Frequently one hears the working classes described as "the uneducated"—the inference being that, if they only had more education, they would then see eye to eye with the educated. (So doubtless they would, if, in achieving education, they joined and adopted the outlook of the educated, more comfortable classes, as in practice they usually do.) But quite as often, if not oftener, among working people, one hears it said of the better-to-do, in anger, in contempt, or even in pity: "That's what *they* think, is it? Ah! but that's their ignorance." And presently, one comes to see that if, on the labor side, there is a lack of education, an imperfect acquaintance with known facts, so, on the educated side, there is a branch of knowledge missing or submerged; an unperceived but none the less real ignorance, akin to that blank in the mind of a man who, for instance, neither knows algebra, or physics, or chemistry, nor even suspects the existence of them. For that reason, in moving backwards and forwards between the two classes, with friends in both—in see-sawing between the two ignorances—one finds oneself for ever trying to explain the standpoint of the one to the other, for ever defending each to the other. And with curiously little success; for, while the educated mind lacks cognizance of the workers' standpoint, the workers themselves lack education to express it; and each side dislikes and fears, or at least profoundly mistrusts, what it does not understand.

The misunderstanding, the fundamental divergence of outlook, lies in this: that the two sides are approaching social problems from two different directions, the one from that of wealth, and the other from that of life. We are back again at what we called the interpenetrating alternatives: Is wealth for life, or life for wealth? Or, if each needs the other, which is primary and which secondary?

The worker assumes that life is the primary consideration; the masters, wealth. In the workers' view, wealth should subserve life. But the masters take it for granted that life—especially other people's—must subserve wealth. And the actual situation is further complicated by the fact that we possess, in a state of considerable development, an economics of wealth, while an economics of life—such as I have been trying to adumbrate in these studies—has yet to be evolved as a branch of knowledge.

Not that there has been no movement at all towards an economics of life. . . Humanitarianism assumes the precedence of life itself over every other consideration. Its political outgrowth, social reform, is founded on the same basis, but because social reformers have never troubled to work out their root principle, and have sought their justification where it is not to be found, namely, in the economics of wealth, they have made egregious blunders in dealing with the *lives* of the poor—as if such lives were mere economic propositions—and by trying to run with the hares of life and hunt with the hounds of wealth, they have time after time succeeded in offending and oppressing precisely those whom they set out to benefit. Democracy, hitherto a faith and an ideal, rather than a reasoned institution, can only be defended satisfactorily on the ground that, in the life of the State, the citizen's life itself is a factor which dwarfs whatever may be his wealth, intellect, position, or the like. Socialism would democratize the material sources of wealth, but with too narrow a conception of what, in the wider sense, amplifies life, in quality as well as quantity; therefore, the approval it gains as a protest against present economic conditions, it loses as a policy for dealing—too inflexibly—with men's lives. Those who insist that the *raison d'être* of industry is not primarily the production of wealth or profits, but the welfare of all engaged in it, and that a living wage should be the first charge on industry, are directly challenging the economics of wealth from the standpoint of life. Because, however, their empirical efforts and ideas are unco-ordinated into an economics of life, they make but little headway either against the fully-fledged economics of wealth, or even in following up their own line of thought. They scarcely realize, for instance, that the workers, clamant for more pay as a means of more life, are not in the least likely

to rest content with a living wage. The impulse towards life does not stop short at enough merely to sustain life.

It is the distinction of working people—it has been their weakness in affairs, and will one day prove their strength—unless, in trying to better their lot, they allow themselves to be seduced into middle-class ways of thinking—that, although with little development of their line of thought, they have held fast to the larger truth, and upon it base their attitude towards society. As Jérôme Coignard says: "The most learned differ merely from the ignorant by the faculty they acquire of amusing themselves with manifold and complicated errors. They see the world in a faceted topaz, instead of seeing it as does madame, your mother, for instance, with the naked eye the good God has given her." So, possibly, because working people have had to live more familiarly with the primary facts of life—birth, death, chance, hunger, sex, the struggle to live—they have retained the naked eye, and they insist on those primary facts with a directness and emphasis only to be found elsewhere in the Bible.* The great living commonplaces are more present in their minds, and their every-day sayings (here given in the Devon versions I know best) show how their minds play on the central fact of life. "We'm all born, but us bain't buried." That is our great equality. "We'm all born same way, bain't us!" Then how defend subsequent social and economic differences? "Us an't got but one life to live . . ." And if that fails for lack of chances. . . "Ah, well; they can't take it with 'em when they dies." So what is the use of some men downtreading others to heap up wealth? Of being poor: "'Tisn't *living*; 'tis only dragging out an existence." "Howsbeever, 'tis only for a lifetime." "'Twill be all the same in a hundred years' time, when we'm a-looking up at the daisy roots." As a reason for spending on pleasure money that might usefully have been put by: "A fellow must *live*." Or for going on the fuddle once in a way: "You wants a bit of life sometimes, don't 'ee?" Why drink at all? "For to liven up the nip." Why spend hard-earned money on an excursion to London or a football match? "To see a bit of life." Why did the children migrate to city or colony? For more pay, scope, or prospects, perhaps; really, as they admit, for more *life*. And why won't they come back even for wages effectively as high? "'Tisn't lively enough home here for me."

We have noted that working people say of a wage, not "What is it for the work done, or for the result produced?" but "What is it *for a man*?"—for the life he has given as work and the means of life he obtains as wage. For another concrete illustration of the difference in attitude, take an industrial concern, the owner of which can obtain 5 per cent. on his capital, but only by underpaying his work-people. If he paid them a living wage, he could only obtain, say 2 per cent. for himself. From the wealth standpoint, he is entitled at least to a reasonable 4 or 5 per cent. on his capital, and his concern, therefore, cannot afford to pay his work-people a living wage. But from the life standpoint, working people would say: "Suppose he did only get 2 per cent. for himself . . . *Could he live on it?* That's the point. Of course he could, and then have more than we should be getting, even if he paid us proper. Truth is, the business can't afford *him* 4 per cent. We've all got to live, haven't we, us the same as him?"

Or take the question of the Plural Vote . . . Property, it is true, is a stake in the country. But an incomparably greater stake in national affairs is every citizen's own life and the welfare of his family. As working people would put it from the life standpoint: "Suppose a man with property had to sell up and spend the money to save his wife's or his child's or his own life. Wouldn't he do it? Certainly, he would. That

* Apart from any supernatural revelation in the Bible, it will be noticed—or probably won't be noticed—how closely my argument tallies with the neglected wisdom of the Bible. The Biblical quality of the mind, even of the irreligious or totally unreligious poor, has already been noted, by Mr. C. F. G. Masterman amongst others: "One can see how many of the New Testament assertions have been fashioned from the common democratic mind, as Socrates and Plato from the aristocratic."

shows he puts life above property, when it comes to the point, and he's only got one life, same as you or me. Well, then, he only ought to have one vote. It's being a man should carry a vote, not pieces of property." The Liberal Party, obsessed with the economics of wealth, failed to realize the electoral appeal of its Plural Voting Bill, allowed it to lag behind political measures about which working people simply don't care, and suffered in consequence.

But perhaps the neatest contrast between the wealth and life standpoints is furnished at present by Mr. Lloyd George himself—at Limehouse and in Parliament. On the platform, an imaginative genius from the Welsh mountains, responsive to popular life and feeling, he expresses in speech what the masses of the people have scarcely more than felt. Not very accurate in details, he yet hits a large mark more firmly than most other politicians dare. Personal, but without being a bit ruder than plenty of other politicians, he is offensive beyond measure to the possessing classes, because he undermines the very foundations of their undue wealth and power, and their fancied superiority; because, if he doesn't convince them of the untenability of their position, he does what is worse—convinces other people. In the House and in conference, on the other hand, a clever lawyer from Wales, he is persuasive, conciliatory, and non-offensive. He plays the Parliamentary game with wonderful skill—but a game it is, bearing the same relation to the life of the people as a football match to the lives of its players. He says, in effect, to the dominant classes: "Be not afraid; I'll meet your views." And he does! He adjusts, and again adjusts. He drives his measures through with a provincial obstinacy and staying-power; but the measures which come out are not the same measures that went in; they are changelings; they have been transmuted from terms of life into terms of wealth. In the country, he insists, working-class fashion, on the primary facts of life, and calls for justice as between man and man, not merely for adjustment as between interest and interest. Naturally, he tags his speeches with Scripture: the habit of mind to which he is appealing is shared by working people and the Bible. It is a Promised Land towards which he points, where dukes and such-like shall have no power to levy grinding taxes in the shape of rent and interest; where life itself shall be the first consideration. But when the measure is through, it turns out that he has mainly altered the incidence of such taxation. He speaks in the country in terms of life, but acts in the Commons in terms of wealth—to bring forth Railway and Coal Conciliation Boards, which the men repudiate, and an Insurance Act with its irksome regulations to diminish freedom, and therefore life; an Act which may, indeed, benefit the working classes in some respects, but which stands to benefit more the shareholders of industrial insurance companies. It is Mr. Lloyd George of Limehouse whose imagination enables him to grasp the essential truth that wealth must subserve life, and Mr. Lloyd George of Parliament whose same imagination flings him into the political game of making life subserve wealth. It is Mr. Lloyd George of Limehouse who is right.

And perhaps it needs must be, yet awhile. The trouble in acting on behalf of working people is of a piece with their above-mentioned habit of mind, and with their well-known propensity for cutting off their nose to spite their face—which, after all, is only the neglect of an immediate advantage for an idea. In affairs, they can seldom be got to concentrate on the next practicable move; they fall back with maddening persistence on *what ought to be*. They are bad opportunists, but by habit of mind rather than in virtue of their expressed ideal, which are inchoate enough, they form the idealist class of the community. Continually, in acting for them, one finds oneself right in practice, but wrong in principle, or forgetful of it.

So, it has been assumed that Labor is groping blindly towards education and sense. Towards more practicality it certainly is making way. In the large, however, Labor has always been the more right; has always held fast to the essential truth that in the inter-

penetrating alternative—*life or wealth?*—life is the foremost term, the ultimate appeal, the first consideration.

STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

Short Studies.

THREE LONDON CAMEOS.

I.—THE COMEDY OF LONDON.

THE court is stuffy, but the people are stuffier. It is all close and crowded and complicated. The magistrate is a stuffy old gentleman with an official voice; the usher is a stuffy old gentleman with an official voice; so is the clerk; so are the solicitors and the barristers.

There are, of course, degrees or qualities of stuffiness about them. His Worship, in addition to whiskers, wears a respectable black tie with a pearl pin in it; the usher looks dismal in a kind of shroud; the clerk is—just a clerk; the legal lights are as dim and obscure as possible—and scrupulously untidy. Except for the smart young policemen sitting in rows along a bench, there is an air of frowsiness about the place. Just as if the windows had never been opened, and all the people in court had never been out of court, but had passed their lives there—which, as looks go, they might very well have done.

"Victor Erasmus Charles Stuart Fish, No. 8 charge," calls out the gaoler, and an infant of lively mien but diminutive stature (with an unmistakable squint) steps into the dock. His large head barely shows above the rail, his small body assumes a jocular pose of devil-may-care bravado.

It seems that this young person has "pinched" the amount of One Pound Seven-and-sixpence, entrusted to him by a too-confiding employer. It seems that he divided the "swag" among picture-palaces, tripe-and-onions, and a revolver. It seems that he is quite unrepentant, rather impertinent, and won't go to a training-ship. The little missionary with the amiable terrier-face and high color is worried. The clerk, the gaoler, and the usher look severe. Victor Erasmus remains simply defiant.

The magistrate glares at him through gold-rimmed pince-nez. "You are a wicked and foolish boy," he says; "but this time I will take your father's recognizances for your good behavior for six months." "Pip—pip!" ejaculates Victor as he cocks his cap on the side of his head. "Cheer—oh, Vic!" comes a breezy answer from the back of the court. And out he goes.

Bacchus is in great force. The fellow is responsible for a long string of victims, whose offences vary in degree but not in kind. There are elderly, decent-looking men, and young, offensive-looking men; there are somewhat dilapidated ladies wearing tweed caps, and somewhat fashionable ladies wearing feathered hats; there is a noisy sort of person, and a depressed, watery sort of person. There are all sorts of people—dozens of them.

And there are interruptions. Somebody has a wife at the back of the court. She is immense; she wears an apron and a cap, and carries a fish-basket. Out of the crowd, "behind the barrier," comes the voice of Billingsgate:

"Let me speak for my 'usband, if you please, sir. 'E 'ad a glass of ale wiv 'is brother-in-law at the corner-'uss; then when 'e come outside 'e met a bloke what owed him fourpence, and 'e says to 'im, 'e says, 'Bert, what done wiv that money you owes me —?'"

"Silence!" thunders the usher; "if you want to come and give evidence, step up here."

There are numerous incidents of that sort. And there is a plaintive lady in a poke-bonnet who objects to her neighbor's parrot. . . .

Also, there is a beastly affair about a vegetable-barrow. "Was I obstructing the road then?" shouts the dirty fellow in the neckerchief.

"Yus—you was," replies the witness bluntly; "you got yer barrer in the light, and none of us couldn't get past."

"You're a liar!" remarks the accused.

"I'll chuck me boot at yer 'ead if yer says that again"—and so it goes on. The Cockney's cross-examination has all the essentials of a free fight.

It is a fine official comedy on the whole. There are people, of course, in the long stream that passes by who look miserable, and plead and cry; but most of the culprits are either business-like or disposed to have a joke. There is even a frock-coated thief, who delicately picks his nails while the magistrate sends him to hard labor for six months.

II.—THE TRAGEDY OF LONDON.

WITHIN a great white building, a spacious marble hall full of people. Massive pillars and domes of glass, and two broad staircases leading up to it: glass doors and white paint and oak-panelling everywhere like a King's Palace. Nothing in particular to show what kind of a place it is—nothing indeed so gloomy as its name.

London's hum within and without. Police-officers guarding doors, lawyers in wig-and-gown bustling through the crowd, men of official shape elbowing lesser men out of and into corners. Groups of people standing about the hall talking in low voices. Black the pervading tone. Suspense the prevailing note.

Seen through a glass darkly—thick glass double-doors guarded by a policeman—the sitting court looks like some scene in a drama. A beam of pale winter sunshine, descending through the dome of the roof, sets the dust dancing, and lights up the square symmetrical room with its wainscotted, white-painted walls. It touches the faces of the clerks sitting at their table, and pleasantly kindles those of the jumbled officials in the well of the court. Standing out by itself in the middle, a great roomy dock, beneath a gallery, from which peer down curious faces, chiefly of women, enthralled by the story of "real life" unfolded before them. Opposite sit the jury—twelve stolid Englishmen.

Words come dimly through the plated door as the lips of the speakers move. Keen faces line the legal benches. The judge, in scarlet robes, sits beneath the sword of Justice. On either side of him a florid city alderman. The Clerk of Arraigns lolls back in his green leather chair—a chubby man in wig-and-gown. 'Tis he who, when the jury return into court after considering their verdict, puts the eternal question: "Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

The other little clerks run to and fro like busy wasps, some of them fat and pompous, others small, spruce youths in tight, smart suits, wearing flowers in their buttonholes. The sharp young lawyers—who haven't briefs, but like to think they have—drop in and out, and as the case draws to its close, group themselves around the dock. There is many a joke, wink, and nod among them—indeed, everybody is on the best possible terms with everybody else, from the police-sergeant at the door to the usher beside the witness-box. The witness-box! In it stands a woman white and small and thin, in shiny black, clutching a little handkerchief. Such red streaming eyes, such a beaten look . . .

Sitting beside the dock, another poor thing holding the witness's baby. Her frayed cape and hat trimmed with weebegone flowers, form a contrast to the quietly sumptuous robes and the quietly sumptuous room. She, too, is weeping, while the baby laughs and crows.

And in the great square dock? A starved-looking bit of a man, collarless and unshaven, huddled up on a chair, his chalky face strained forward to catch every word that passes. Who is he? What is he charged with? Somebody whispers murder.

That ragged wretch, now moistening his lips, now taking a sip at the water beside him, now leaning forward to whisper in the ear of the seedy little solicitor beneath; that pallid slip, with his watery eyes and weak face and weaker body, just like a thousand other wastrels of London streets—could he be a murderer?

The glass grows darker, the picture fades. There are four courts, and in each one a scene like that. Chips and odds and ends and rags and wrack of human life—just everywhere. Despair, hope, hate, pain under that glass roof, and no word of pity. Sly humor in the

lawyers' faces, a tired philosopher upon the judgment-seat. The winter sunlight shines on them all.

III.—THE ARCHIVES OF LONDON.

MUFFLED footfalls in the world of books. Silent people tripping lightly to and fro across a deadened floor. Silent men and women poring, poring over heavily-bound volumes in the subdued autumnal light. Shuffling of feet, whispering of pages, now and then a harsher sound as of something falling or grating—but no word spoken. No suggestion of a world without. The books are people—the people are books. We live in the land of the past and of the future. The present lies somewhere dim and forgotten beyond the gently-swaying swing-door.

They gaze down upon us from their countless shelves. The half-light, which scarcely finds its way through the great glass dome above, discloses them in their multitude of shapes and sizes and colors. They gaze down upon us in our arm-chairs at our flat reading-desks, each with its number, blotting-pad, and quill—quietly, a little contemptuously, a little cynically. "What of *your* efforts?" they seem to say. "Look at *our* age, *our* strength, *our* knowledge—and look at the dead!" Above them, around the walls of the nation's library are engraved in golden letters the names of the nation's immortals. Shakespeare, Carlyle, Bacon, Tennyson, Scott are written there, and a score of others too.

Yet in spite of its studious silence, the great rounded chamber hath not a corner in which a man's mind may be at rest. All the world's learning written there, the story of history, the passage and the record of time. . . . And he a worthless atom in its midst. Fancies begin to crowd upon the tired brain, dreams of futility and longing, wonder at the past and the future—for here the present is lost.

The muffled footfalls passing by, the suggestive movement of the swing-door, the cool chimes of a distant clock awake him ever and again. He looks up and sees the grave clerks at their desk, handing out and receiving back the books. He begins to take notice of those who are near him and beside him and opposite him. Archaic faces start out of his dream, and parchment faces and faces of dead, forgotten people seen in pictures. Some of them hang upon the walls of shut-up country houses, looking out through old bow-windows upon trim lawns and yews and courtyards; some come straight from Dickens—whimsical, these are, half-humorous, and a little sad. Many, pinched and lined and hard, belong to some Bloomsbury garret, where the crust of bread is shared with the twittering sparrows and the lean, black cat, where a few hard-earned shillings stand between a man's breakfast and his grave.

A queer little old man moves backwards and forwards with piles of volumes weighing down his fragile arms. His is one of those rare student faces that have almost faded from our modern life. Brick-red it is with merry blue eyes, twinkling through big horn spectacles which give an owl-like look. He wears a brown velvet jacket, and from under a skull cap of the same material his silvery hair falls long and strange. Day after day is he seen here, peering at the great dull books, thoughtfully wiping his spectacles as he scans their dusty pages, making copious notes in his cramped old-fashioned hand. To what end? For what purpose? No one knows. The library is peopled with such queer folk. There are young men with aged faces and bent shoulders, wearing carpet slippers, and men in middle life, who look as though they had never seen the light. There are women, too—hard-featured, hard-collared persons for the most part, poring unceasingly over books and books and books. The unwashed and the untamed are here—those oddities with long hair and long beards and strange black clothes, who might be anarchists or saints. The living dead are here—those whose souls have shrunk to dust, who see not, neither do they hear, but pass their lives in a land of far-off things.

Dreams and fancies, dreams and fancies multiply in the moving silence of the place. The shuffling footfalls are the ghosts of the past sprung from the records of the past which people the newspaper shelves. Politicians, murderers, clowns, kings, and warriors lie buried there.

The rustling pages of the hundred books are the whispering leaves of poplar-trees, which at holiday-time sway together beside a Norman stream. The gloom and the shadows are of that vague and infinite land which knowledge has never explored.

WILFRID H. G. EWART.

Science.

EXPERIMENTS ON ANIMALS.

THE second reading of the Dog's Protection Bill in the House of Commons on April 18th, and the protest against it by more than 350 persons, many of whom are men of distinction in various walks of life, again raises an old controversy which never ends, because it is seldom calmly treated. Let us endeavor to apply to it the same quiet method of reasoning which we should apply to any scientific question, and see where it leads us. It is always a good rule, when we are confronted by any difficult particular problem, to imagine all the problems of which that one is a special case, and to try to find the general solution of all—a rule frequently used in mathematics. Thus, evidently, scientific experiments on animals form only a part of the general relations of humanity with the rest of the animal kingdom—nay, more, they form only a part of the relations which exist between different species of animals, and indeed between the more powerful races of mankind and the weaker ones, and between the stronger and the weaker in general. Examining our relations with animals, we perceive at once that men cause trouble, fear, pain, and death to vast numbers of creatures:—

- (1) For food;
- (2) For their furs, feathers, and other products; as for clothing, ornament, etc.;
- (3) For our instruction or amusement, or as pets, as in the cases of sport, caged birds, menageries, and animals trained for shows;
- (4) For the provision of labor, as with draught animals and cab horses;
- (5) To protect our crops from their ravages;
- (6) For scientific purposes.

Taking the entire human population of the globe at about one thousand millions, and supposing that each human being destroys or hurts only one individual animal per week; this would mean that throughout the world, in one year only, fifty thousand million animals are killed, hurt, or incommoded by us. Undoubtedly many of the troubles which we cause to these weaker creatures are not serious, though they are nearly always associated with the production of fear, or at least restraint. On the other hand, many, and probably most, of our relations with them produce in them not only fear, not only pain, but terrible agonies, culminating in death. Considered quantitatively, I suppose that the destruction of animals for food is the principal cause of this; and it would be easy to draw a gruesome picture of the slaughter and torture produced for this purpose. Nor can it be claimed that all this is done merely in the interests of our natural demands for nutrition; because, if this were the case, we should obtain our animal food only from the larger animals, and spare those multitudes of small ones which are utilized not so much for food as for delicacies, such as the multitudes of small birds which are brought over from foreign countries, crowded and cramped together in little cages, and then killed to provide *bonnes bouches* at our banquets. The sorrow of animals caused by the love of our women for ornament is notorious, and we hear shocking stories of the skinning of live animals for their pelts.

A little thought will convince us that the agonies which they endure under the third heading given above can be scarcely less frequent. There is a fine passage in one of Hardy's novels, describing the dying of wounded pheasants after a battue—and, I am afraid, that even the most expert shot cannot always avoid knocking off the legs, and penetrating the eyes and bodies of their

victims without killing them outright. Anyone who has been to a menagerie must have noted the real pain which is inflicted by the mere caging of wild creatures, accustomed to a boundless horizon but now rendered ill by confinement in their narrow cages, and daily terrified by the gaping countenances of holiday-makers. We also sometimes hear of serious cases of cruelty inflicted upon dogs and other animals to train them for silly shows provided for a similar class of people. What must be the total sum of pain caused to horses and cattle for draught purposes—the fatigue of cab horses, and their waiting for long hours in the bitter cold of our winters, and the flogging and the twisting of tails of oxen and bullocks throughout the tropics? Imagine also the slaughter of birds and rabbits caused by the necessity of protecting our crops from them—the catching in gins and nooses, where they are frequently allowed to die in agony. On the whole, I suppose that many more than the number of animals roughly estimated above are really slaughtered every year for these purposes, and it may be supposed that quite half or a quarter of the slaughters are associated with the infliction of more or less pain or terror (which is a psychical pain of the worst description). And all of these troubles are inflicted without anesthetics! Now, compare with this gigantic butcher's bill of the human race the similar sorrows which may be caused to animals in the cause of science. There are a few laboratories in this country, and a few in the other civilized nations of the earth; but I believe that more pain is caused to animals under almost any one of the headings given above during one week of the year than is caused to animals by science during the whole year—and the vast majority of the scientific experiments are done under anesthetics!

Such a general and dispassionate survey of the whole field brings us automatically to a correct judgment; but many will now ask what ethical sanction do we possess for our experiments. Here also let us again survey, not a part, but the whole of the field. What ethical sanction have we for destroying a single animal, even for destroying the tigers which destroy us, the insects which bite us, and the very germs which live a happy existence in our blood? Of course, there are certain sects, especially of the Hindoos, and certain philosophers, such I believe as Tolstoy, who would repudiate our right to hurt, much less to destroy, any living thing. I have seen a Hindoo who refused to crush the mosquito which was biting his hand, and simply drove it gently away. He did wrong there, because doubtless that poor mosquito suffered in its feelings from being deprived of a very nutritious meal, and, strictly speaking, he should have allowed it to take its fill! But this philosophy simply leads almost to the absolute starvation of the whole human race, because we cannot eat even a stalk of asparagus or a leaf of lettuce without destroying millions of the beautiful and happy little infusoria which live in or on the juices of those plants—nor have we any right to assume that such animals do not suffer agonies when they are destroyed by our powerful gastric juices.

But there are few who would accept this purist point of view, and who would not admit that we have a right to destroy life in order to live. I do not know whether this position is ethically tenable, because it may be said, especially in connection with many people, that there is no necessity why they should continue to live at all! But, at any rate, if we assume that we should cause as little hurt and death to animals as possible, we should at least tend to limit our consumption of animal food, and, still more, those occupations of ours which lead to the unnecessary infliction of pain—such as our foolish ornamentations and our meaner sports. Where so many of our actions cause pain, obviously only those are ethically allowable which are ultimately aimed at reducing it. *Ceteris paribus*, the goodness of the motive must be taken into account. If we are justified in gorging ourselves on animal food, in decking ourselves in feathers and furs, and in shooting and catching creatures for idle gratification, we are certainly justified in doing so in order to study disease and the physiological actions of the body which are so closely concerned with disease and its treatment. In

fact it comes to this, that of all our actions which may result in pain and death to animals, *only* those are ethically justifiable which are carried out in order to increase our knowledge for the mitigation of suffering caused by disease—that is, these very scientific experiments on animals. If the State legislates against such experiments, it is logically bound also to legislate against similar actions which have a lower aim. And this reasoning binds equally the man who maintains that we are free to do as we please with animals, and the purist who declares we must not hurt or kill any of them.

Two absurd statements are constantly made regarding experiments on animals. The first is that the experimenters perform them out of cruelty. This is, of course, simply a falsehood. I have never known an experimenter who has shown any trace of cruelty in his nature. One might as well say that the soldier who shoots an enemy in battle does so out of cruelty. On the contrary, the experimenter, like the soldier, is actuated only by a high sense of duty—in fact, a higher sense than the soldier possesses. The soldier fights for his country; the experimenter works for the whole of the human race, and, indeed, for the welfare of animals themselves. Those who accuse him of cruelty remind me of the rabid teetotallers who accuse anyone who drinks a glass of wine of having a morbid craving for alcohol—it may be fairly retorted that they read their own characters into the minds of those whom they attack. Another absurdity is the pretence that experiments on animals have not led to valuable results in the prevention of suffering from disease. Such statements are of an order of falsity comparable only to the statement that the multiplication-table is not true, and evidently constitute an argumentative falsity meant to undermine the ethical justification of the experimenters. But, even as this, the pretence is valueless; because our experiments are made to obtain future knowledge, and even if they had failed in adding to knowledge in the past, we should not be justified in denying that they might add to it in the future.

A reasoned survey of this kind will convince us that those who are really desirous of mitigating the sufferings of animals will do well to attend rather to the first five of the items mentioned above than to the last one. I would gladly see more legislation for the purpose of controlling the use of feathers and furs of small animals, the transport of small living wild birds from foreign parts for our banquets, the massacre of driven game, and, most important of all, the unnecessary destruction of small animals for food. It is time, I think, for the genuine reformer to appeal to the British public not to eat so much meat, and this appeal would benefit the people almost as much as it would benefit animals. The fact is, that we in this country eat a great deal too much meat—and when I am in a caustic vein, I am apt to attribute much of the peculiar type of stupidity which we possess to this cause. Regarding the dogs, we should pass special legislation against keeping them tied up in backyards or elsewhere for more than twelve out of the twenty-four hours, and against several other cruelties which I could mention. To sum up, I for one feel that efforts to stop scientific experiments entirely are based upon no reasoning whatever, and are therefore not prompted by a genuine desire to mitigate the pains of animals, but rather by a hysterical hatred for science, probably generated by the old strife between it and superstition.

RONALD ROSS.

Letters to the Editor.

HIBERNIA IRREDENTA.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—A day or two ago, I was turning over a newly arrived catalogue of second-hand books, when my attention was arrested by the two following entries:—

"No. 582. 'Army Plot.' A Perfect Narrative of the Grounds and Reasons moving some officers of the Army in

Ireland to the securing of the Castle of Dublin for the Parliament on the 13th of December last. With the Particulars of the Action. Sm. 4to, wrappers 1660."

"No. 585. 'Ulster Rebels.' Petition to the House of Commons, praying that the ten thousand troops sent from Scotland may be dispatched to Ireland in aid of the Protestants against the 'barbarous and bloody rebels of Ulster.' A broadside. 1641."

Truly the wheel has come full circle. Or ought we to say: "Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose"?—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM WYSE.

Halford, Shipston-on-Stour.
May 20th, 1914.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—One is glad to see that the Chief Liberal Whip has stated that the General Election will not come for another fifteen or sixteen months. So far, so good, but may I be permitted to give some reasons why the Election should be, as it can be, deferred until January, 1916?

(a) Fifteen months from now means August, an unthinkable month. Sixteen months means September, also, to a certain extent, a holiday month. Moreover, a General Election then would interfere with registration work. So it would in the first half of October, while, in the second half, it would interfere with the Municipal Election campaign. November and December would find the register as stale as it can be, always a disadvantage to the Liberal Party.

(b) The new register of January, 1916, should be of more than usual advantage to the progressive parties, as in rapidly-developing industrial districts many more working men than usual will get on to the register for the first time.

(c) Postponement of the General Election till January, 1916, will permit of the postponement of the autumn campaign till 1915, and thus allow of the autumn Session which you desiderate, and very properly so, for this year, and, which, it is important to note, the Prime Minister has not ruled out wholly.

(d) The longer the Election is postponed, the more time will Welsh Disestablishment have in which to get into working order, and thus the less able will the Tory Party be, in the possible, if improbable, event of their winning the Election, to undo the good work.

(e) The same applies to Home Rule, in the event of there being no settlement—and I must confess myself a sceptic as to the probability of one.—Yours, &c.,

YORKSHIRE LIBERAL AGENT.

THE GREEKS IN SOUTH ALBANIA.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—During the past several days I have been receiving very bad news from Koritza and its neighborhood, which is in great need of assistance. The telegrams, which are from reliable witnesses, speak for themselves.

"Twenty thousand refugees, Kolonia district. Help urgently needed."

"We ourselves have been to Kolonia, and have seen Greek cruelties. All the villages of Vrebsoka, Oseska, Radan, Radimisht, Poda, Barmash, Leshna, Gjone, Aripas, Tach, Kodras, Kamnik, Rajan, Starje Psar, Qinan, Selenica, were either partly or entirely burned. Men and children massacred. At Qinan, young girl found violated and murdered. Monday, in fight, Greeks repulsed with losses. Up to date (May 8th) have found twenty-eight Greek corpses, all soldiers and Evzones. The Greeks, in retiring, take with them by force Christian inhabitants, in order to prejudice the country, and to give impression that the Christians will not stay in Albania. This morning, great fight at Nikolitza, south-east of Koritza. Greek soldiers to the number of 600, repulsed." The telegram ends with, "please publish." It is followed by another urgent appeal that someone should come out at once, "to see state of affairs, and inform public opinion in Europe."

The country having been thus devastated at the time when the spring sowing should be taking place, it is obvious that there will be little harvest, and the South will be starving, as is now the North, where the greater part of the Hoti and Gruda tribes, who have just been burnt out and plundered by Montenegro, are now refugees, destitute in Scutari.—Yours, &c.,

M. EDITH DURHAM.

116a, King Henry's Road, N.W.

May 18th, 1914.

INTEREST PAYABLE ABROAD.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am puzzled by the following statement (repeated in a subsequent article) in your issue of the 9th inst. :—

"To balance this concession to the deserving rich, the Chancellor rakes in some additional supplies by abolishing the privilege on settled estates, and by an admirable proposal to enforce payment, by declarations and penalties, on investments whose interest is payable abroad. Thus, a gentleman with £6,000 a year, half of which he invests in securities payable at Paris or Berlin, will in future pay the home tax on his entire income instead of on half of it."

Now, under the "Statement of Untaxed Income for Assessment under Schedule D," I find this item—"Interest arising from Foreign Securities," which (since in the large majority of cases such interest is payable in London) surely provides for the few instances where it is payable abroad. In other words, a gentleman at present pays income-tax on all his foreign investments.

No; what a gentleman can and sometimes does do is to allow such interest to accumulate, and be re-invested in the foreign country. On such interest, since he does not draw it as part of his income, he pays no income-tax. I take it that, under the new Budget, such a method of escaping payment is no longer to be allowed, and payment of income-tax is to be exacted whether such interest forms part of the gentleman's income or not.

How far such new enactment (which applies to Colonial as well as to Foreign investments) is just or wise is a matter for controversy. Our typical gentleman by his action does not spend this interest as part of his income, but, instead, is adding to the world's capital.

However that may be, foreign countries and our self-governing Colonies can take care of themselves, and none of them, I believe, levy an income-tax, so that our gentleman pays income-tax at any rate only once on his investments.

But what about India? Since England has decided that India, like herself, is to have an income-tax, it follows that, under the old regulation, an English investor in Indian securities is made to pay income-tax twice over—first in India, and again when the interest is forwarded to him in England; and now, under the new regulation, the self-denying ordinance by which he could avoid such double payment is to be denied him. Since no one wants to pay double income-tax, the old regulation acted (and acts) as a prohibitive to the importation of English capital to India, a country which is sadly in need of it; while the new regulation acts as a prohibitive to its accumulation there. Meanwhile, India, not being self-governing, has no remedy.—Yours, &c.,

W. TREGO WEBB.

Minsmere, Dunwich, Suffolk.

May 18th, 1914.

THE INDISCRETIONS OF COLONIAL GOVERNORS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am glad you have drawn attention to the speech by General Sir Ian Hamilton recently delivered in New Zealand, for it is a kind of offence committed every other week by high Imperial officials at the Antipodes. Recruited as these gentlemen chiefly are from the governing caste in this country, they naturally take with them their traditional outlook upon world affairs, and then forget that the acceptance of responsible office ought to entail a certain discretion in their public utterances. The offence of these utterances

generally reaches in two directions. Sir Ian Hamilton's expatriation upon the Asiatic danger indicates one direction: its inevitable effect is to increase the superabundant stock of international ill-will, but when a general speaks as an Imperial officer, we have a right to expect him to be more discreet. The people of Great Britain do not maintain him in order that he may intensify racial prejudice. The other direction touches the domestic affairs of the self-governing Dominions. It is the rule rather than the exception for the Crown's representatives in Australasia to make public declarations in favor of the systems of compulsory militarism obtaining there, in spite of the fact that there is a considerable and growing opposition to conscription. Lord Denman, the retiring Governor-General of Australia, Sir John Fuller, when Governor of Victoria, Sir Day Bosanquet, Governor of South Australia, and Sir William MacGregor, Governor of Queensland, have all from time to time affronted a section of Australian public opinion by official eulogies of a military system, concerning whose merits or otherwise the people are by no means unanimous. It is time this kind of thing ceased: Governors are appointed to represent the Crown, not to take sides on public questions. Courteous reminders of their responsibility have been sent on more than one occasion by the Australian Freedom League to the Governors concerned, but the offence has been repeated at the first opportunity. As you say of Sir Ian Hamilton—"decency ought to forbid such speeches by an Imperial officer"; but if decency fails to restrain, perhaps the power of Parliament can.

One question suggests itself: Is a commission in the army or navy a *sine qua non* for a Colonial Governorship? Such a condition limits the area of choice, and of necessity sacrifices civil capacity to military status. A Liberal Administration once made a courageous departure from accepted procedure in the appointment of Mr. Bryce to Washington. Why should it not show equal courage in its Colonial appointments?—Yours, &c.,

LEYTON RICHARDS.

Broughton Park,

Manchester, May 16th, 1914.

ASSISTANTS IN SUB-POST-OFFICES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A circular has just been issued by the Postmaster-General, "regulating the conditions of employment of assistants in the service of scale-payment sub-postmasters." A scale-payment sub-postmaster is the shopkeeper whose shop includes a post-office, and the assistants in question are engaged by him, and are generally women. As no minimum standard either of wage or of hours exists in their case, they are generally worse paid and more overworked than the women who are paid for doing similar work by the Department.

Mr. Hobhouse begins by declaring it "of course, impracticable for the Post Office to lay down and enforce definite regulations as to the hours of attendance, wages, &c., of these assistants, seeing that they are the servants of the sub-postmaster"—an opinion which it would be interesting to hear discussed by members of the Trade Boards. He "thinks, however, that the relation between the Post Office and these assistants may not inaptly be compared to that between the Post Office and the employees of contractors who undertake to perform mail and other services on its behalf. In their case it is an accepted principle that the conditions of employment shall not be worse than those which apply among good employers in the same industry."

A subsequent clause indicates the view that "good employers in the same industry" are employers of shop-assistants. Now, this view is altogether erroneous. Postal assistants are not shop-assistants, although some of them do sometimes serve customers. They are not included in the Shop-Assistants' Union, and the exclusion is evidently justified by the fact that they may be legally excluded—as shop-assistants may not—from the provisions of the Shop Hours Act. Their training—for which they or their parents have paid, either in money or in gratuitous labor—fits them for the postal service only; and their only possible employers are the Postmaster-General or some sub-postmaster. They cannot obtain engagements in the ordinary draper's,

grocer's, stationer's, or chemist's shop, because they have not the necessary training. Therefore, the only "good employer in the same industry" with the condition of whose employees their conditions can be properly compared is the Postmaster-General himself. Those numerous sub-office clerks who are now receiving less, after several years' service, than the Post Office minimum, ought at once to see their wages rise at least to that minimum, their hours cut down to those of the Department's rule, and the meal hours—now so often altogether lacking—firmly fixed. The pension and the bonus at marriage might still be left as the privileges of the "established" woman, especially as the sub-office assistant would be left free from her disadvantage of dismissal on marriage.

I will only add that any readers of *THE NATION* who may be interested in learning details of the conditions in which sub-office assistants work, may find, in the "Women's Industrial News" for October, 1913, the report, written by Mrs. Bernard Drake, of an inquiry into those conditions made by the Women's Industrial Council in the course of last year.—Yours, &c.,

CLEMENTINA BLACK.

Highgate, May 19th, 1914.

THE FEARS OF ULSTER.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The fears of Ulster are surely foolish fears, though no doubt the Imperialist candidate, Mr. Ganzoni, will make much of them at Ipswich. I like his name, by the way; it smacks of the Canton Ticino. But about the fears of Ulster. There is indeed a clerical novelist who writes in this strain:—

"Lady Ste. Ildegonde rose and stood by the Jacob Rijksdael chimney-piece, a pillar of black lace.

"A dumb Congolese servant—his tongue had been removed by the White Josephine Fathers at baptism—handed tiny glasses of the priceless Ste. Ildegonde Apostolino.

"The woman was burned this morning," said the Cardinal, toying with a walnut-shell. 'There are rumors of dissatisfaction among the populace, but nothing to cause serious alarm. However, the Black Howitzers are in readiness, in case of any emergency.'"

But this anticipatory paradise has only one inhabitant; and it is a Fool's Paradise.

In the meantime, it is interesting to see the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Edmund Talbot, Lord Halifax, the present Lord Shaftesbury, and other stern Covenanters who object to paying taxes, playing the fears of Ulster as their trump-card.—Yours, &c.,

ANTI-CLERICAL CATHOLIC.

May 18th, 1914.

THORPE CHURCH AND SCHOOL.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Despite some sinister appearances to the contrary, the little village of Thorpe, in Surrey, should really be congratulated on the important part its Church is playing in the great historic movement, now in progress, towards the reform of religious establishment.

That the element of religion in the life and thought of the people is essential to the healthy growth of civilization seems to be widely recognized at the present time. There is much "unrest" certainly, but the deep instinctive feeling is there, none the less seeking expression in various channels.

Now the Church of England does not merely represent a fixed creed with unalterable ecclesiastical formulæ. It is fundamentally a national institutional growth of great spiritual significance. Its upholders are, fortunately, not bound to accept either the fantastic symbolism of the "Ritualists," on the one hand, or the crude verbalism of the "Protestants" on the other. The heated emotions of controversialists often have the effect of masking the strong inrush of spiritual truth. I would like, therefore, to put in a plea for the counsels of moderation and charity; and humbly to remind all parties to present disputes that they are not really serving their highest professions, nor show-

ing themselves true followers of their Master, by the acrimonious assertion of a self-righteous superiority.—Yours, &c.,

ST. GEORGE LANE FOX PITT.

Travellers' Club, Pall Mall, S.W.

May 19th, 1914.

THE TWIRLUP.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Could any of your readers kindly tell me the appearance and correct name of a bird which the natives here call "Twirlup"? It can be heard at any time of the night, its notes consisting not of a song, but of a soft, slow, monotonous low call.—Yours, &c.,

M. M. A.

Silverdale, Lancs.

Poetry.

IN THE TRAIN.

O TRAIN full of blind eyes, rushing through the world,
Fields lie on each side of you,
Full of life, starting with life; patient, fruitful, creative.
Don't you see the divine light lying in the furrows?
Don't you feel the soft hair of the nascent corn?

As for me, the soul spreads out from the body of me;
It passes over all the field, and the field becomes mine—
It and I, close-locked in passionate embrace:
And the moist ridged field gives itself up to me, all the life of it,

I am caressed by the childish touch of the corn.

My spirit stretches to its borders;

I know the supple curves of resilient bramble,

The obstinate plait of the thicket,

The fringed and private ditches with their citizens,

The gate of dead timbers that opens upon mysterious roads—

Strange roads, crying to the pilgrim,
Where the feet of the mind may tread to the edge of the world.

All this is mine, and more, for I have the heart of the field;

I explore with tentative touch the maternal soil,

I know the recurring beat of the life within.

For me the innocent water shines in the furrow,

Steadfastly contemplating the infinite sky

As a mirror of prayer that lays itself out to the light.

Life is there, new life that awaits my worship;

And fading life, more holy, that dies to serve the unborn.

Where the long hedge leans to leeward

One little sharp, upstarting leaf I find;

And deep within the hearted curl of it,

Secret and strong as the wistful dream of a virgin,

The bud that shall bear the immortal germ on its way—

Small, humble, uncounted,

Pricking the path the future shall tread to the light.

Haste! haste! says the train, for life is movement itself.

Why should we haste? God is here.

He is within and without: though we grow tall, He comes no nearer;

Though we make haste, the earth flies faster still,

Ceaselessly treading her ritual dance in the skies,

Yet never removed from her place on the bosom of God.

You shall not achieve Him, train scampering through the world,

You shall not achieve Him, souls adventuring in the void;

Under the curve of my hedge is a life more lovely,

Not sad! not ambitious!

Meek, faithful, august;

Beautifully moving towards the bridal of death.

EVELYN UNDERHILL.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Charles Stewart Parnell: His Love Story and Political Life." By Katharine O'Shea (Mrs. Parnell). (Cassell. 2 vols. 21s. net.)
- "Misalliance, The Dark Lady of the Sonnets, and Fanny's First Play; with a Treatise on Parents and Children." By Bernard Shaw. (Constable. 6s.)
- "The War of Steel and Gold." By H. N. Brailsford. (Bell. 5s. net.)
- "National Guilds." Edited by A. R. Orage. (Bell. 5s. net.)
- "An Economic History of Russia." By James Mavor. (Dent. 2 vols. 31s. 6d. net.)
- "Original Records of Early Nonconformity." Transcribed and Edited by G. L. Turner. Vol. III. (Unwin. 25s. net.)
- "Wagner as Man and Artist." By Ernest Newman. (Dent. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Mysticism and the Creed." By W. F. Cobb. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Chitra." By Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.)
- "The Spirit of Japanese Poetry." By Yone Noguchi. (Murray. 2s. net.)
- "Louis Norbert: A Twofold Romance." By Vernon Lee. (Lane. 6s.)
- "Fair Haven and Foul Strand." By August Strindberg. (Laurie. 6s.)
- "Sylvia." By Upton Sinclair. (Long. 6s.)
- "En Lissant Molière." Par Emile Faguet. (Paris: Hachette. 3fr. 50.)
- "La Politique de la Prévoyance Sociale." Tome I. Par Léon Bourgeois. (Paris: Fasquelle. 3fr. 50.)
- "La Flamme." Roman. Par Paul Margueritte. (Paris: Flammarion. 3fr. 50.)
- "Soziologie der Leiden." Von F. Müller-Lyer. (München: Langen. M. 3.)

LETTERS of literary men often make pleasant additions to the world of books, and the "Fragments From Old Letters," published last week by Messrs. Dent, will be welcomed by a wider circle of readers than the late Professor Dowden's old pupils and friends. The collection covers a period of over twenty years, beginning shortly after Dowden's appointment to the Chair of English Literature at Dublin, and is entirely made up of extracts from letters to the lady who was his favorite pupil and who afterwards became his wife. They illustrate his humor as well as his high seriousness, his unflagging enthusiasm for the things of the mind, and his firm conviction—not so prevalent among University professors—that literature should not be divorced from practical life. Writing of his class in 1874, he says:—

"There is quite an extraordinary zeal, and not without knowledge, at present among some undergraduates about English literature, and some unusually good men among them. I am unhappy about this, because I see it runs the risk of becoming a mere piece of scholarship and refined culture, severed from the deeper interests of life, and I fear the guilt may in part be mine. I want them to be literary in order to be something more and better than literary, and I shall have to try to give this little College zeal a turn lifewards and away from books."

BUT the chief attraction of Professor Dowden's letters is the penetrating judgments on men and books which they contain. There is, as might have been expected, a good deal about Shakespeare and Goethe, though very little about Shelley, in spite of the fact that he was writing his "Life of Shelley" during a part of the period covered by these letters. Dowden was something of a Positivist—Positivism, he thought, satisfied the moral half of him—and it is interesting to read his impressions after meeting Richard Congreve, the founder of the Positivist Society in London.

"He is made for a bishop, and I believe considers himself very much in that light. He has a large head, a strong, authoritative intellect, and I should say a powerful will. He spoke frequently of the duty of abstinence in reading, and his wife, a gentle, cultured creature, seems to shape her life after his ideal. I can readily conceive what a tyranny Positive sacerdotalism would aim at, if it had a chance of success."

LIKE many other men of letters of his generation, Dowden was attracted by the æsthetic side of the Catholic revival, though he was always critical of its results. He thought that an interesting comparative study might be made of the religious poetry of Newman, Keble, and Faber.

"There seems to me much of the Puritan in Newman. Keble is Anglican of the Anglicans; I cannot think him a poet by nature, while if he were, his position as an Anglican would have put him as a poet at a disadvantage (Anglicanism being poetical only through infinite refinement and delicacy, not through greatness and audacity). Faber's type of piety is very alien to my natural feeling (he was fat, I think, and a favorite confessor with ladies). His religion is a kind of love-making with the several members of the Catholic theology, and he can be almost equally gushing with each in turn. It is the wantonness of piety."

In Newman's intellect Dowden discovered there was a certain paradox. "My explanation," he wrote, "is the crude (yet I believe really deep) one, that Newman's mind has been always putting false realities for the true, therefore, that he is a realist and a concrete thinker, but a *spurious* one, and that the reason one distrusts him is because he has not found out the truth."

IN addition to the comments on Goethe, which fill many pages, there are judgments on several other foreign writers sprinkled through Professor Dowden's letters. His greatest admiration was for Victor Hugo. "There is hardly a paragraph," he writes of "Quatre Vingt-Treize," "which does not prove some sensibility or some energy which is rare." He read George Sand with satisfaction, admired Leconte de Lisle's poetry "strongly but coldly," and was of opinion that Théodore de Banville's "Petit Traité de Poésie Française" tells more truth about the nature of verse than any book he knew. He reproached John Stuart Mill for his great admiration of Schiller, which, in an Englishman, Dowden considered to be proof "of a certain thin idealism and want of imaginative robustness." Among those who may be called democratic writers, Whitman and Mazzini were his favorites.

"Mazzini is undeniably rhetorical, but it is rhetoric which has at its back, not vanity, but an enthusiastic personal character and a faith. In the case of Byron, he really seemed to get hold of an important fact. . . . But what interested me most in Mazzini was his applying to the judging of art, not a personal sensitiveness, in Pater's fashion, but a social faith which is impersonal and a kind of objective standard."

DOWDEN's verdicts on some of his contemporaries are also worth quoting. He tells his correspondent that R. H. Hutton's essays are "very excellent," and that John Morley's on French subjects are capital, those on English "not so good." He thought that Rossetti's verse can touch a few subtle chords, but considered him "hopelessly commonplace about great subjects. . . . Slimness, he seems to think the material correlative of spirituality; accordingly, his heaven is a place where everything is very material, only slim and slight and pre-Raphaelite. 'The Blessed Damozel' now strikes me as a mosaic of pretty bits of this kind of supposed spirituality." While admiring George MacDonald, he never got "into complete sympathy with men of the feminine spiritual nature." Tennyson left him unsatisfied, and Sir Henry Taylor's "Edwin the Fair" disappointed him completely. Tolstoy's "Peace and War" impressed him as a great book, though he thought that it has rather a tame ending for an epic. "But foiled purposes and tame results are a big piece of life, and the half-interesting people are among the most interesting because they make up so great a part of the human race, and their happiness or sorrow is the bulk of that at any time upon the globe."

THE last letter in the book is in reply to a comparison made by his correspondent between Kingsley's "Hypatia" and Anatole France's "Thais." The comparison, Dowden replies, can only be a contrast.

"Kingsley is a believer almost truculently in earnest, and Anatole France is a charming sceptic. Of course, the whole story is a play of that kind of superficial sympathy with the creeds and their exponents which complete Renanism engenders, and Anatole France is the flower of literary Renanism. His criticisms are most pleasant playing with ideas, and professedly of no other value than personal and subjective impressions can have; but he does believe in the humanities. He has no end of culture of a kind, and more scholarship than he would think it graceful to confess."

Kingsley, Dowden adds, is not quite enough in earnest to forget the duty of being in earnest.

Reviews.

THE TRAGEDY OF PARNELL'S LIFE.

"Charles Stewart Parnell: His Love Story and Political Life." By KATHARINE O'SHEA (Mrs. Charles Stewart Parnell). (Cassell. 2 vols. 21s. net.)

We think that this book ought not to have been written. It can serve no useful purpose. It will be used to revile the memory of Parnell. Of course, the world is full of hypocrites. Cant is more prevalent than genuine morality. Men sat in judgment on Parnell whose private lives would not bear investigation. Libertines live to-day in the odor of sanctity. They have escaped the limelight. A man of domestic feelings and honorable inclinations makes a single slip and he is doomed to swift destruction. Mrs. Grundy has discovered him. The unpardonable sin is the breach of the eleventh Commandment: "Thou shalt not be found out." But what does all this avail? "Forms and creeds" cannot be swept into the waste paper basket. Conventions must be observed. A man cannot be allowed to violate the decrees of the society in which he lives with impunity. His own inclinations cannot be his only guide to conduct, in defiance of the views, wishes, and sanctions of the whole community. And, after all, we suppose that everyone will admit that the world ought to rest on a moral basis.

This book is in the nature of an apologia and a defence. There can be no defence. Parnell was wrong on the moral issue. His best and truest friend will admit this, but then, were those who destroyed him faultless? Were the circumstances under which his ruin was compassed creditable to his destroyers? That is the point on which, we think, there is something to be said. Parnell was destroyed, not because he broke the moral law, but because his presence had become embarrassing to a political party. The unsophisticated foreigner thinks that the circumstances under which the virtuous indignation of the English public is aroused, by a breach of the Seventh Commandment, are peculiar. For instance, if a man acts as Parnell acted, if his position is secretly known by ever so many persons, if it is even the talk of the House of Commons and the clubs, and if he is a useful public character, he is safe, so long as the affair does not get into the newspapers. It is publicity, simply and solely, which marks him for destruction. "In England," said a Frenchman, "everything depends upon whether you sin in the light or in the dark."

The book reopens the question, discussed at the time, of how far Parnell's relations with Mrs. O'Shea were known, and winked at, in political circles. It was admitted that Mr. Gladstone was in communication with Parnell through Mrs. O'Shea. But why should Mr. Gladstone have thought that Mrs. O'Shea was in Parnell's confidence? She was an Englishwoman wholly unconnected with Ireland. Parnell was a man of intense aloofness; why should he give his confidence to Mrs. O'Shea? Well, Mr. Gladstone himself has said that Mrs. O'Shea wrote to him in 1882, asking for an interview, saying that she was a niece of Lord Hatherley. Mr. Gladstone granted her the interview, and called to see her, when the conversation was all about Parnell and about his desire to get into touch with Mr. Gladstone. After this interview, Mrs. O'Shea seems to have been in constant communication with Mr. Gladstone. She copied letters which Parnell wrote to her in order that Mr. Gladstone might see them, and sent them to him. She was, in the most clear and definite way, an intermediary between Mr. Gladstone and Parnell, apparently from 1882 to 1886. She used to call at Downing Street, she says, and have conversations with Mr. Gladstone. Why should this have been? "It might be advantageous," Mr. Gladstone is reported as saying, "to the Irish leader and myself if you, Mrs. O'Shea, would accept the thankless office of go-between, as you suggest. A safe and secret intermediary might well prove to be of the greatest assistance to us both in our efforts for the welfare of the country." Why on earth should Mrs. O'Shea have been a safe and secret intermediary between Parnell and Mr. Gladstone? It is impossible for the ordinary mortal to understand the workings of the brain of a man of genius. But

it does really seem to us unaccountable that Parnell should have run the risk of employing Mrs. O'Shea as an intermediary; and that Mr. Gladstone should have acquiesced in the arrangement without asking, what to an ordinary person seems the obvious question, What is there between this lady and Mr. Parnell that she should act for him in these most important matters? Then, Mrs. O'Shea was also in communication with Lord Richard Grosvenor, who wrote to her from time to time on behalf of Mr. Gladstone. Of her first interview with Mr. Gladstone she says: "I may say here that, with all the perfect courtesy of which, when he chose, he was past-master, he knew before the conclusion of our interview, and allowed me to know that he knew, what I desired that he should know—that my personal interest in Parnell was my only interest in Irish politics." In fact, she seems to have taken a part in high politics all the time. She had an interview with Sir Howard Vincent (the head of the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard), which is curious and amusing. Parnell had received a letter from Sir Howard, expressing a wish to see him. Parnell sent Mrs. O'Shea to attend to the matter.

"I was shown into Sir Howard Vincent's private room directly I arrived, and he expressed great pleasure, as well as great surprise, at seeing me. I showed him his note to Parnell, and asked him to what it referred. He answered that the 'officials' all considered the matter serious, and that the Government were prepared to give Mr. Parnell protection if he wished it. I told him that Mr. Parnell would, I was sure, not like that at all, and, after a long conversation of no particular definiteness, Sir Howard said: 'I do not think you believe in this particular threat against Mr. Parnell, do you, Mrs. O'Shea?' I replied: 'Well, it does seem rather like a hoax to me. Would you mind letting me see the "letter of warning"?' He laughed and said: 'Not at all; but I've torn it up and flung it into the waste-paper basket.' I promptly picked up the basket in question and turned it over on his table, saying: 'Let us piece it together.' He pretended to help me for a few moments, as I neatly put together various uninteresting documents, and then, with a deprecating smile, swept them all together, saying: 'It is your game, Mrs. O'Shea; you are too clever. Why didn't you send Mr. Parnell round?' And we parted with laughing expressions of goodwill and amusement on his part that we had not been taken in."

The suggestion in the book is that Mr. Gladstone and others were aware of—or, at all events, suspected—the nature of the relation between Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea. We have no means of forming a judgment on the point. But, as we have already said, it seems strange that none of them should have asked: "Why is Mrs. O'Shea in this galley?" Long before the proceedings in the Divorce Court the affair became a subject of discussion among Members of Parliament, at the clubs, and in political circles, so that when the final *dénouement* came, there were a great many people who were prepared for the event. None of those who stood by Parnell in the last desperate struggle of his life denied that he had erred; but all felt that he should not take his dismissal from the leader of an English party, and all remembered his matchless services to Ireland. Englishmen remember Trafalgar despite Lady Hamilton.

The book has not, and does not pretend to have, any political or historical value. The author says: "The political history of this time has been written many times, and from various points of view, and in this book I do not propose to repeat it." The object, rather, is to record some events in the life which Parnell lived with the woman for whom he had formed a fatal attachment. We think, however, that Parnell's love-story should have been allowed to remain a sealed book. Parnell's love-letters have, it is stated, been published with reluctance. Be it so. We only regret that the reluctance was overcome. Parnell was the proudest man that ever lived—so proud, indeed, that there was no room for vanity in his composition. He possessed the dignity, the majesty of a king. He hated publicity. The revelation of the secrets of his life, the publication of letters written for the eye of one human being only, would have been gall and wormwood to him, and we are amazed that these things have been done. It is like the desecration of his grave. It is the betrayal of his love.

The reason given for the publication of the book is to us incomprehensible. It seems that Mr. William O'Brien

made some statements (not set out here) in the "Cork Free Press," based on "two short notes" (not published) from which he drew the conclusion, imperfectly quoted in the book we think, that "the Irish leader would have been shown to be rather a victim than a destroyer of a happy home, and the divorce would never have taken place." Captain O'Shea's son regarded this statement as a "slander" on his "father and mother." To meet Mr. O'Brien's statements the book has been published. But the book, so far as we can see, does not dispose of the question one way or the other. It is, in general, idle to talk of a man being the victim of a woman in cases of this nature. In fact, they are the victims of each other, or rather of the passion by which they are possessed. But assuredly the curtain which fell twenty-three years ago on the tragedy of Parnell's life ought not to have been raised to-day. The charity of silence should have been allowed to cover the fault of a great man, who, despite all, rendered signal service to his country. Parnell has long since gone to his account. Generous hearts will forget and forgive his transgression. The recollection of his public achievements will not fade away. His memory will be for ever enshrined in the affections of the people whom he brought within sight of the Promised Land.

A NATIONALIST.

CITIZEN STANHOPE.

"The Life of Charles, Third Earl Stanhope." By GHITA STANHOPE and G. P. GOOCH. (Longmans. 10s. net.)

LORD MELBOURNE, when a boy, wrote to his mother about a certain Lord Camelford, who had lately joined the Opposition. "What has made Lord Camelford wheel about? He is a noble accession to the Opposition Lords, and I think he, Stanhope, King, and Holland may challenge Europe to produce equal oddities." It is not surprising that each of these four men seemed odd to the rest of their class. Camelford, who was a connection of Pitt's, was notorious, not for his opinions, but for his deeds; for he had an exciting career in the Navy, having been put ashore at Hawaii on one occasion for insubordination, and having killed a lieutenant on another in a quarrel over seniority. His life ended shortly after Lamb's letter, very suitably, in a duel. The other three men were very different. King was eccentric enough to think that the teaching of political economy was just as much entitled to respect when it threatened the landlords, as when it threatened the poor, and as he applied this belief, he was naturally dismissed as a lunatic by most of his order. Holland, if his attractive and sociable disposition atoned for a good many heresies, was none the less a curiosity in an Assembly which believed that good government meant game laws, combination laws, crowded prisons, and high rents. And Stanhope, brother-in-law and cousin of William Pitt, was Citizen Stanhope. Certainly, the House of Lords might boast that if most of its members followed one another, the few who thought for themselves were not afraid of their conclusions.

Stanhope derived his love of science and his simplicity of life from his father, who was a great student, and received the compliment of a dedication from Priestley. Miss Ghita Stanhope tells a delightful story of him. He rarely attended the House of Lords, and on one occasion, when he arrived there in a plain dress, the doorkeeper refused to admit him, observing, "Honest man, you have no business in this place." He took part in the opposition to the French War, and in supporting Wilkes. Citizen Stanhope, inheriting this disposition, was confirmed and educated in all his tastes by living at Geneva. He had an elder brother who died of consumption, and his parents thought it wiser to take him from Eton and have him brought up at Geneva, where he was supremely happy. His great passion was for geometry and mechanics, and he worked hard at experiments with clocks and pendulums; his native firmness of character was illustrated by his obstinate refusal to have his hair powdered. He returned to England as keenly interested in mechanical invention as any of his contemporaries were in classical literature, with stern Puritan habits and democratic principles. He was brought into Parliament by Shelburne—a kindred spirit, and down to the French War

he was the zealous ally of Pitt, whose sister he had married. He was a great champion of the ideas that were associated with Pitt's opening career, Parliamentary reform, and cleaner government (being one of the members of the Society for Promoting Constitutional Reformation, founded by Cartwright), and a close ally throughout his life of Christopher Wyvill, the Yorkshire Reformer. Besides supporting other people's Bills, he brought in Bills of his own. He distinguished himself by his courage in addressing and pacifying a mob during the Gordon Riots, and he soon made a reputation in Parliament, where his attacks on the Coalition of Fox and North were particularly incisive. He declined to join Pitt's Government on the fall of the Coalition, but Pitt consulted him about tactics, and though he sometimes voted against Pitt, when Pitt's enthusiasm about Reform began to languish, he was for some years one of his most valuable supporters.

The French Revolution shattered this friendship as completely as it shattered the more famous friendship of Fox and Burke. Citizen Stanhope was now in the House of Lords, his father having died in 1786, so that the allies never crossed swords in debate. Stanhope was an intimate friend of Condorcet and de la Rochefoucauld, and he tried to help the cause of the Revolution, not only by speaking in its favor in England, but by giving his advice freely to France. He took active measures also, as appears from a letter he wrote to Cartwright in 1809. In this letter he tells Cartwright that, on the eve of the war between France and Austria, he had some communications with Talleyrand, from which he learnt that the new French Government was anxious to avoid war, and that they wished to refer the dispute to England for arbitration. They could not do this unless they knew that England would accept the task, and Talleyrand wanted Stanhope to sound the Government on the subject. "I replied that I would do it with great pleasure. I went to Lord Grenville, though I did not obtain any satisfactory answer. He told me generally that he was only one, and that he must consult others. I then went to my brother-in-law, Mr. Pitt. I made a full communication of what had passed between M. Talleyrand and myself, and I expressed the high satisfaction I felt at my having it in my power to give him such pleasing information. Mr. Pitt, without a moment's hesitation, rejected the idea totally. I urged with great earnestness every argument which occurred to me in favor of the proposal, but wholly without effect. I received his answer with sensations more painful than I have any words to express." This was not the only attempt that Stanhope made to avert the great calamity which he dreaded, but he received no encouragement from Grenville or Pitt, and when at last the catastrophe descended, his breach with his old comrades was final and savage. He once said in the House of Lords that Addington had more sense in his little finger than Pitt had in the whole of his body. His intrepid opposition to the war made him very unpopular, and when Lord Howe's victory was celebrated, in June, 1794, the mob that attacked Thomas Hardy's house in Piccadilly set fire to his house in Mansfield Street, and he had to escape over the roof. It was at this time that he took down the coronet over the gates of Chevening, his country place, and became known as Citizen Stanhope. Fortunately for his happiness, he was able to find in his work at steam navigation and shipbuilding as engrossing a distraction from political disappointment as Fox was finding in discussing Euripides with Gilbert Wakefield. His friendship with Fulton and Rennie and his own important inventions probably gave him as much satisfaction as his former friendship with Pitt and his political hopes and ambitions.

In another respect, however, his private life was as distressing as the public calamities that saddened his career. His first wife died in 1780, and his second marriage was not a happy one. This would have mattered less if he had retained the affection of his children; but they could not endure him, and one after another they fled from his roof. Stanhope had decided to have them all educated at home, and he employed as their tutor, Dr. Joyce, a member of the Corresponding Society, who was arrested, and shared in the honor of Hardy's famous trial. The sons wanted to see more of the world, and the eldest, Mahon, after asking in vain to be sent to college, ran away when twenty. The next year his two other brothers followed his example. His daughter, Lady Hester, who called her father "The

Logician," detested his principles. "I am an aristocrat," she said once, "and I make a boast of it. I hate a pack of dirty Jacobins that only want to get people out of a good place to get into it themselves." Lady Hester also deserted her home, and went to live with the hated Pitt, who befriended all the rebels. One brother went into the Army and another into the Navy. Lastly, his wife left him. There had never been any tie of feeling or common interest, and Stanhope appears to have preferred the society of a Mrs. Lacker, a famous musician, whom he installed at Chevening. His eldest son brought a lawsuit against him. He had scarcely any friends at his death, except Lord Holland, whose account of him in his "Further Memoirs of the Whig Party" shows that it was a friendship without illusions. It was unfortunate for his very small school in politics that his disposition was of the kind that does not make unfashionable principles attractive. Mr. Gooch gives an admirable little sketch of his character.

This life was begun by Miss Ghita Stanhope, whose early chapters are a very happy sketch of Stanhope's father and his own early life. After her death, the work of completing the biography was entrusted to the capable hands of Mr. Gooch. The reader will wish sometimes that Mr. Gooch had given rather a fuller account of the events in which Stanhope took part. In one case the narrative is so condensed as to give, we think, a misleading impression to those who are not well acquainted with the history of the times. Mr. Gooch's reference to Lord King's action in 1811, in issuing a circular to his tenants demanding payment of his rents in the lawful coin of the kingdom, reads as if King's motives were those of a grasping and avaricious landlord. Of course, King's object was not to enrich himself, but to strike a blow at a currency policy which was, in his opinion, and in that of many other qualified judges, bringing the country to ruin. Cobbett, whom nobody would accuse of favoring oppression, publicly applauded Lord King's action. Opinions may differ now, as they did then, on the currency question, but it would be unjust to represent Lord King as acting from private motives in taking this way of raising a public question.

THE HEART OF ENGLAND.

"Highways and Byways in Shakespeare's Country." By W. H. HUTTON. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

Two centuries ago a writer declared of Warwickshire that

"This County, being an inland County, situate at as great a distance from the Sea as any in England, may for Delight, Plenty, and Conveniences of Life, be equalled, if not preferred to any in England, as a brief Survey of it, under the Heads of Air, Water, Earth and Fire, may evince."

Thus the Reverend Thomas Cox, whose "Magna Britannia et Hibernia, Antiqua et Nova," remains to this day only second in importance to the work of Dugdale as a quarry for all who seek material for the bygone history of Shakspeare's Country.

The latest writer to draw on these ancient stores is himself not merely "Reverend" but "Venerable," though, happily, this latter title is prescribed by courtesy rather than by computation of years.

For the "Highways and Byways Series" which Messrs. Macmillan publish, Archdeacon Hutton contributes the latest volume, and we do not hesitate to say of it that it will be many a long day before his learned and agreeable Guide is displaced by a better. He possesses all the qualifications for the task he undertook: a talent for painstaking investigation at first-hand, a singularly wide acquaintance with English history and English literature, an expert's knowledge of architecture in general, and of Church architecture in particular, an enthusiasm for the country he describes, and a delicate gift of humor which, in works of this order, is as refreshing as it is rare. We remember well the delightful chapters which he wrote on Warwickshire in his "Burford Papers." He has now established his right to be regarded as the authorized expositor of all that pertains, not merely to the Cotswolds, but to Shakspeare's country too.

The volume deals in the main, as is to be expected, with Warwickshire, but here and there the wider title which it

bears allows the author to conduct us across the borders of that county and gives us glimpses of Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire, Northamptonshire, and Worcestershire. But Stratford-on-Avon is the ultimate Mecca to which the Archdeacon pilots his pilgrims, and our walks and drives are never far removed from the uncharted zone of the Forest of Arden. A pleasanter and, in our opinion, a more English patch of England cannot be found, and to wander through it in the spring-time, with the Archdeacon for a guide, would be an experience which anyone would envy. As "archidiaconal functions" may be presumed to prevent him from conducting us in person, we will put his book in our knapsack when next we visit Warwickshire, and be grateful to him for the impersonal companionship which we can thus enjoy for the modest outlay of five shillings.

Not merely has nature done so much to make each separate town and village of this district attractive to the pilgrim, but history and legend, deftly woven into the author's itinerary, occupy the mind as well as the eye. Edgehill, Evesham, Warwick, Kenilworth, Long Marston—the very names call up visions! At one spot it is of Simon de Montfort of whom we think: at the next it is of King Charles and Rupert, and Cromwell and Essex. Wherever we go the past is insistent, and as you walk the long straight road from Warwick to Banbury, if your thoughts run on civil war, the period will be 1642, and not 1914. At Kenilworth we keep company with John of Gaunt, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and Queen Elizabeth; at Coventry with Leofric, Earl of Mercia and his wife, whom we know as Godiva. A turn in the road may take us from kings and armies, queens and courtiers, statesmen and nobles, to the serenest life of abbeys and priories, while in the next village it is of some figure in that mild and unexciting Warwickshire Coterie of Letters—Lady Luxborough, and Jago, and Shenstone and Somerville—of whom we are reminded. Finally, at Stratford, it is of Shakspeare that we must think, whether we will or no, with Bacon and Mrs. Gallup and the late Sir Edward Durning-Lawrence all happily forgotten for a season.

Descending a hill at one point, you will make sudden acquaintance with Compton Winyates, "stretched out, gardens, water, church and house, before you, a wonderful picture of rose-tinted restfulness." It is the perfect example of Tudor domestic architecture, and to see it in the month of May is to carry away in your heart an imperishable vision of loveliness.

Our rambles will take us to other famous Warwickshire houses: to Baddesley Clinton, to Coughton Court, to Charlecote and Packwood, and Cleeve Prior. Churches innumerable, mostly with the Midland battlemented towers, will repay inspection, though we are warned that not everywhere is admission easily gained on week-days, and we fear the militant suffragist, who employs paraffin and firelighters as part of her propaganda, will lengthen the list of churches which have no open door.

The Archdeacon performs a useful service which Warwickshire folk will appreciate when he demolishes the story, surely fostered for business ends by a Thames-side hostelry, that Shenstone's rhapsody about the joys of an inn was written at, and related to, the Henley of Oxfordshire. The good Johnsonian (and the Archdeacon is sealed of that tribe) remembers how Johnson "repeated, with great emotion, Shenstone's lines":—

"Whoe'r has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn."

Johnson quoted this to Boswell after the pair of them had dined "at an excellent inn at Chapel-house." They were then engaged in driving from Blenheim to Birmingham, via Stratford-on-Avon. Their way lay through Henley-in-Arden (where they slept a night), a pleasant, typical Warwickshire village to this day, consisting of one long street in which was, and is, a notable inn, named "The White Swan." Boswell says flatly in chronicling their stay there that it was "at the inn at Henley where Shenstone wrote these lines." And why not? Shenstone lived at Halesowen, a dozen miles from Henley-in-Arden; he was constantly at Henley-in-Arden when he drove over to call on Lady Luxborough at Barrels Hall; and against this who will produce evidence that he knew anything of an inn at Henley-on-

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Why so much mystery about Dorothy Jordan? Some readers, by the way, will assuredly note the new baptismal name. "Dora" it has almost always been; "Dorothy" it must be henceforth. Why so much mystery about Dorothy Jordan?

The motions of her spirit were clear as day. In all her life, as Mrs. Jerrold says, there was no mystery. She was "frank, gay, and sensible, holding reserve only upon those things which she thought might discredit people whom she loved." The "people whom she loved" filled her heart, her life. An illegitimate child, bringing in her turn illegitimate children into the world, she stands none the less as a type of motherhood. She stands also as a type of womanhood; for she had love enough to shed upon a little crowd of people, relatives and paramours, who were not often worth it.

"Her great yet unblest quality was protectiveness, and from her childhood she expended her sympathy and help upon those who were weak and appealing; in her girlhood she supported those who should have worked for her; in her womanhood she spent herself upon her children and upon the helpless man who, thinking he conferred honor, made extravagant demands upon her income, her strength, and her love. . . . If mother-love was Dorothy's strongest quality, its cousin loyalty was almost as sturdy. From the first to the last she uttered no complaint against those who put their burdens on her shoulders, an insincere and weak father, a dependent mother, incapable brothers and sisters, selfish children, and the broken reed of a man upon whom she put her trust. . . . 'Had he left me to starve I would never have uttered a word to his disadvantage,' she once said of the Duke, and she meant it."

The Duke, of course, was the Royal lover, Clarence, who became William IV. Dorothy Jordan was twenty years his mistress, and bore him ten children, who received the surname of Fitzclarence; and it was in the Duke's interest that all the needless mystery was created. Dorothy's two biographers, Sir Jonah Barrington and James Boaden, wrote their accounts of her during the life of William IV.; they were both worshippers at the shrine of Royalty, and both contrived, as Mrs. Jerrold says, "to find mystery at every step of her career." When and where was Dorothy born? Who and what were her parents? Did the Duke take money from his mistress, or did she take money from him? How did Dorothy come to separate from him after a liaison of twenty years, and what was the true cause of her exile abroad? The reader who is curious on these points—all hitherto in some degree mysterious—will find ample satisfaction concerning them in Mrs. Jerrold's sympathetic pages.

Authorized statements are made which have never before been published as to Dorothy Jordan's parentage, on her father's and on her mother's side, and as to her brothers, sisters, and other relatives. She is shown to have been the very helpful centre of a large family group. Indisputable evidence is produced both of the date of her baptismal name, "hitherto frankly regarded as impossible of discovery." A new reason is suggested, based upon family matters (and quite different from the ingenious and amusing one invented

by Tate Wilkinson), for her adoption of the professional name of Jordan. We have Dorothy's own evidence as to the Duke's "constant acceptance of benefit from her work," together with legal proof as to the way in which he repaid part of the sums she lent him. Here, from contemporary writings, Mrs. Jerrold makes it plain to us why the Duke and his devoted mistress parted, and why Dorothy went an exile to France, and here also is proof positive of her death. A great deal of fresh light is thus thrown not only upon the life of Dorothy Jordan, but upon the character of that "obstinate, erratic, stupid, good-natured and intensely selfish King known as William IV."

To students of the history of the stage the memory of Dorothy Jordan has always been curiously charming. She had, perhaps, a little of Ada Rehan, a little of Marie Wilton, and, in her perfect naturalness, a little of Ellen Terry. She must have been something of a *virtuosa*, but she was assuredly also something of a creative artist. Her mere voice, which "did away the cares of the whole house," echoes from many enthusiastic pages, from her own era to ours.

"There is no giving an account," says Lamb, "of how she delivered the disguised account of her love for Orsino. It was no set speech that she had foreseen, so as to weave it into an harmonious period, line necessarily following line, to make up the music; yet I have heard it so spoken, or rather read, not without its grace and beauty; but when she had declared her sister's history to be a 'blank,' and that she 'never told her love,' there was a pause as if the story had ended; and then the image of the 'worm' the bud came up as a new suggestion, and the heightened image of 'Patience' still followed after that, as by some growing (and not mechanical) process; thought springing up after thought, I would almost say, as they were watered by her tears."

Irresistible, too, seems to have been the charm of her face; entrancingly beautiful her figure; and Macready—a critic not unduly sentimental—said the contagious power of her laugh "would have broken down the conventional serenity of Lord Chesterfield himself." Mr. Archer says: "Her critics, it is clear, were all more or less in love with her, and in that fact we can read in epitome the wealth of her endowment and the limitations of her art." She herself, as Mr. Frederic Whyte observes in "Actors of the Century," was evidently sensible of these limitations. To a friend who had expressed surprise at some vagary of the public taste she exclaimed: "Oh! don't mention public taste; for if the public had any taste, how could they bear me in the part I play to-night, which is far above my habits and pretensions?" The part in question was Rosalind, and both Leigh Hunt and Campbell were on the side of the public. "Here alone, I believe," says Campbell, "in her whole professional career, Mrs. Siddons found a rival who beat her out of a single character. The rival Rosalind was Mrs. Jordan." Lamb thought her best in her plaintive parts; Hazlitt preferred her in comedy. "It was not," he remarks, "as an actress, but as herself, that she charmed everyone. . . . Nature had formed in her most prodigal humor. . . . She was all gaiety, openness, and good nature. . . . Her voice was a cordial to the heart, rich, full, like the luscious juice of the rich grape. . . . She was Cleopatra turned into an oyster wench."

In our own day, Queen Victoria—not yet hardened in her moral sentiments—was the first person of eminence to "pick Dorothy out of the contemptuous public indifference" when she permitted her granddaughter, the Princess Royal, a daughter of King Edward and sister of King George, to marry the Duke of Fife, a great-grandson of Dorothy through her daughter Elizabeth.

Mrs. Jerrold's work at once takes precedence of all earlier biographies of this beautiful, tender, and fine-hearted woman.

PRIOR.

"The Life of Matthew Prior." By FRANCIS BICKLEY. (Pitman. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. BICKLEY urges in justification of his "full-length biography" of Prior, that although his hero was great neither as a poet nor as a diplomatist nor as a statesman, "the sum of his achievement in his various activities was

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considerable, and his life was full of interest." At this nobody need demur. To far less interesting figures than Prior the monument of bulky volumes has been erected, and if the reader has any cause for complaint it is that Prior's biographer seems over-anxious to avoid the charge of enthusiasm for his subject. It is true that much which Prior wrote has passed irrevocably into the limbo of dead letters. By all but a few specialists the dust that has gathered on "Solomon on the Vanity of the Word" and "Alma; or, The Progress of the Mind," is little likely to be disturbed. The modern reader is heedless whether the latter is, as Pope maintained, Prior's best work, or whether Cowper was right when he gave the preference to the former. Nor is he likely to glance through the verses which Prior wrote in his self-confessed character of "a professed panegyric poet." Like the efforts of other versifiers who, as Mr. Austin Dobson has reminded us, lamented, in black-framed folio, Queen Mary's death as "Dread Maria's Universal Fall," Prior's official and semi-official eulogies have passed into oblivion.

But when all this lumber has been jettisoned, there is enough cargo left to make it worth while to convoy Prior across the ocean of letters. His light verse is among the best of its kind, and he celebrated his Chloes and Phyllises and Nanettes in stanzas whose grace and charm are no less real than were their inspirers. Had, he, indeed, been rather less precise in the enumeration of the beauties that attracted him, he would probably be assigned a larger amount of space in our modern anthologies. Both Cowper and Thackeray agree in pronouncing him to be an accomplished master of the familiar style. "To make verse speak the language of prose, without being prosaic, to marshal the words of it in such an order as they might take in falling from the lips of an extemporary speaker, yet without meanness, harmoniously, elegantly, and without seeming to displace a syllable for the sake of the rhyme," this, Cowper wrote to Unwin, was the arduous task which Prior accomplished with success. And the famous lines "To a Child of Quality," were described by Swinburne as "the most adorable of nursery idylls that ever was or will be in our language," while those beginning "My noble, lovely, little Peggy" are hardly less beautiful.

When compared with the fate of his friend Gay, Prior's career was singularly fortunate. From the day when the Earl of Dorset found him reading Horace in his uncle's tavern in Channel Row, and became instrumental in returning him to the Spartan rule of Busby at Westminster School, he was seldom for any length of time in lack of a patron or a place. He was certainly not very backward in presenting himself for either. When Charles Montagu, who shared with him the authorship of "The Country-Mouse and the City-Mouse" was given a post, Prior reminded the dispensers of patronage that "one mouse eats, while t'other's starved," and in answer to the appeal, he was appointed secretary to the Ambassador at The Hague. Thenceforward his advance was steady. He acted as secretary to the negotiators of the Treaty of Ryswick, held several other diplomatic posts, and by joining the Tories under Queen Anne, he prepared the way for his appointment as "sole Minister" at Paris, which was given him in 1713.

Judging by Prior's own account, his diplomatic labors were not very arduous. At any rate he did not find his "professional state" an insuperable bar to the mixture of "due pleasure" with its business. He describes himself while at The Hague as hurrying away

"In a little Dutch chaise on a Saturday night,
On my left hand my 'Horace,' a nymph on my right"—

to a retreat in which he found himself the happiest man in Holland. And in more sober prose, he tells that his secretarial work in Paris was no less enjoyable. "I have little more to do than to make a leg thrice a day for my chocolate, my dinner, and my supper, and run about the rest of my time as fast as two lean nags can carry me, like Bartholomew Coates, to gape or to buy, and pay my respects to rare company, monks, poets, tailors, academicians, nuns, seamstresses, booksellers, and players." But notwithstanding all these allurements, he was a capable representative. Some of his retorts are famous. On being shown the series of pictures in which Le Brun and Vanderhulst had celebrated the victories of Louis XIV., and being asked whether the

like were to be seen at Kensington, he replied: "The monuments of my master's actions are to be seen everywhere but in his own house." We have his own account of a similar episode, though possibly, as Mr. Bickley suggests, it may be a more correct narrative of the same incident. "When at Marly they showed me the King's sieges and conquests, and amongst other Mons, taken in 1691. I asked if they had not the other part to that picture. 'Which?' said they. 'That,' I answered, 'in which King William retook that place in 1695.'" These sallies do not seem to have diminished his favor with Louis XIV., who thought highly of Prior, though Prior's first impressions of "Le Roi-Soleil" were not flattering. This is the account which he wrote in French to Albemarle:—

"Le Roy a beaucoup de santé pour un homme de soixante ans, et plus de vanité qu'une fille de seize. On n'a qu'à voir sa maison pour en mépriser souverainement le maître: bas-relief, fresco, tableaux, tout représente Louis le Grand, et cela d'une manière si grossière que le Czar y trouveroit à redire. Il ne sauroit cracher dans aucun coin de ses appartements sans voir sa propre figure ou celle de son lieutenant le Soleil, et sans se trouver Héros ou Demidieu en peinture."

With Queen Annie's death and the accession to power of the Whigs, Prior fell upon evil times. He returned to England, was impeached, and, after an imprisonment of two years, found himself with little money and no prospect of renewed employment. His friends, Harley, Bathurst, Arbuthnot, Gay, and others hit upon the plan of publishing his works by subscription, and a large folio volume was issued, the subscription list of which included most of the distinguished people of the age. It brought him in four thousand guineas, and enabled him to purchase Down Hall, in Essex, where until his death in 1721, he passed his time writing occasional verses and planning schemes for the improvement of his estate. As far as can be gathered from Mr. Bickley's pages, he was not a man who bothered himself much about any high ideals, or who sank into any very low vices, but an agreeable and witty companion with whom to crack a bottle, who owes his present fame to those light occasional verses which he himself regarded as the least important of his activities.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Collected Essays of Rudolf Eucken." Edited and Translated by MEYRICK BOOTH. (Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

THERE is in this country an increasing number of admirers of Professor Eucken, who will welcome this translation of nineteen of his scattered essays. They range over a great variety of topics—"Religion and Civilization," "Thoughts upon the Education of the People," "Against Pessimism," "Philosophical Parties," "In Memory of Kant," and "Are the Germans still Thinkers?" are some of the titles; but, as Dr. Booth points out, the book has a certain unity by virtue of the convictions which permeate Eucken's treatment of all these subjects. The most fundamental of Eucken's beliefs is that, while man is largely immersed in the life of nature, he can, by pressing forward and overcoming resistance, ascend to and share in a spiritual life which is in the highest sense real, and which sustains the whole structure of the universe. Thus all of human existence is a vast process of the realization and appropriation of spiritual reality. In Eucken's view, this process is conditioned by the effort which man himself makes, and hence the term "activism," which has been applied to his philosophy. Even in the essay on "The Education of the People" this theory is at the basis of Eucken's thought. He believes that a hollow and pretentious life has grown up in our midst with appalling activity, and that it threatens, with bold and insolent self-assertion, to choke all true life. The efforts of educational leaders should therefore be concentrated on making the subjects of education minister to the higher life as a whole, and thus increasing the content of the spiritual life of mankind. All this will be declared by many people to be sheer mysticism, but Professor Eucken is undoubtedly a suggestive writer, and the essays which Dr. Booth has translated throw some interesting sidelights upon his philosophy.

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"Jesus in the Nineteenth Century and after." By HEINRICH WEINEL and ALBAN G. WIDGERY. (T. & T. Clark. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS useful handbook to the religious tendencies of the modern mind is based on Professor Weinel's "Jesus im 19 Jahrhundert." It has been revised, brought up to date, and enlarged by the inclusion of non-German writers, so that it now covers not only German but European thought. The English form is often, the translator tells us, an adaptation of the original; and, though the book is primarily historical, its attitude towards the questions discussed is distinctive. "In contrast with the tendency of that modern mysticism, orthodox and unorthodox, which finds its intellectual support in Ecclesiastical Dogma, Absolute Idealism, or Neutral Monism, the personal and historical are here regarded as fundamental in Reality and vital in Religion." The standpoint has much in common with that of Ritschl, though not all mysticism is rejected, "for in the relation of person to person thought is faced with something indefinable, ultimate, and mystical." Social and economic questions, as they appear both in England and on the Continent, are sympathetically discussed.

The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning, May 15.	Price Friday morning, May 22.
Consols	75	74½
Midland Deferred	72½	71½
Mexican Railway Ordinary	29	32½
Chinese 5 p.c., 1896	100½	101
Union Pacific	160½	161½
Turkish Unified	82	82
Brazilian 4 p.c., 1889	71½	71½

I HEAR that the volume of trade at home is now beginning to decline, as many of the old orders, which have kept shipyards and engineering firms going at full pressure, are not being replaced by new ones. It was hardly to be expected that commercial prosperity should continue here in full swing so long after the trade depression has invaded other countries. However, employment is still good, and there is nothing to grumble at, except on the Stock Exchange. There is depression in Paris, where the fear of a costly war between the United States and Mexico acts as a damper on speculation. The big failure that was averted last week still causes anxiety. An upward move of the markets would give great relief, and indeed such an event is not impossible if Brazil could readjust its finances, and if a real settlement in Mexico could be achieved. I understand that the sale of the Lloyd Brasileiro Fleet and of the Central Railway are the conditions of a new loan. The President of Brazil is understood now to be on his way to London to discuss this all-important question. The last Rothschild loan looks very cheap at 83, but it cannot be recommended as a gilt-edged security. The fall in Peruvian Corporation stocks is the result of the revolution and of the general distrust in which nearly all South American securities are now held. The Peru stocks have been favored in Paris; but Paris is no longer able to support its favorites. It is now essential that a large issue of Rentes should be made, in order to regularize the French Government's position. When that is effected

things are expected to mend, even though Jaures and the Socialists turn out to be controlling factors in the new Chamber. The outlook for cheap money is now considered to be fairly good until the end of the summer.

THE NEW SOUTH WALES LOAN

New South Wales has offered £3,000,000 of new 4 per cent. stock at 99 per cent. with a full three months' interest payable on July 1st next, although £35 of the subscription price is not payable until June 29th, and the final £35 not until July 23rd, so that very nearly all the £1 of interest will represent a return of capital rather than interest on the money in the hands of the Government. The last issue by New South Wales was of 4 per cent. stock early in January at 96 per cent. It was made just too early to get the benefit of the sudden spurt in gilt-edged stocks, for even at this low price it fell to a discount. This week's issue looks dear by comparison, but it gives the investor just over 4 per cent. on his money and being a full trustee stock is likely to command a higher price in the future.

COLONIAL AND FOREIGN RAILWAY SECURITIES.

Canadian Pacifics have managed to reach the 200 mark again this week, after having been dealt in as below 195 just lately. This recovery is mainly due to repurchases from Berlin, where speculators seem to have recovered, to some extent, from their recent nervousness. It seems most unlikely that Canadian Pacifics would ever be allowed to remain long below 200, unless the dividend were seriously imperilled, and this could only occur as the result of a succession of bad harvests, which would shake Canadian credit to its foundations. Freight rate reductions are not likely to affect the company seriously; to do so they would have to be large enough to force the other lines into hopeless bankruptcy. For this reason, Trunk Junior securities are not at all attractive as lock-up investments, and it is hardly surprising that the Ordinary and Thirds should have declined severely just lately. "Trunks under 20" are supposed to be safe to buy, but there is no more reason why they should stand at 20 than at 15, or even 10. They are nowhere in sight of a dividend, because fixed charges have grown as fast as net revenue, and the margin looks more likely to decrease than to increase just now. Among foreign railways, the Argentine group is disappointing investors by the poor traffics, and it looks as if the annual reports will be bad, even taking into consideration the fact that comparisons are made with a very good year. The Central Argentine is in the best position, and its ordinary and deferred stocks are quite worth buying now. The others, however—Pacifics, Westerns, and Southern—were likely to be cheaper in six months' time than they are now. Mexican and Brazilian Rails are speculations more than investments. The debentures of the Vera Cruz line ought to be safe enough, and San Paulo stock will be a bargain if it gets much cheaper, because the line is so tremendously strong financially. For years it has been buying new rolling stock and rebuilding its line out of revenue, so as not to have to reduce its rates under the terms of its concession, and, in addition, it has built up an immense reserve, invested in marketable securities, so that when the end of the concession draws near (1927), it may pay big dividends, so as to secure a big price from the Government. These factors have combined to make the railway almost "gilt-edged," and as long as a means of communication between Santos and Sao Paulo is necessary, the San Paulo will do well. At present it is paying a 14 per cent. dividend, and the stock yields just over 6 per cent.

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